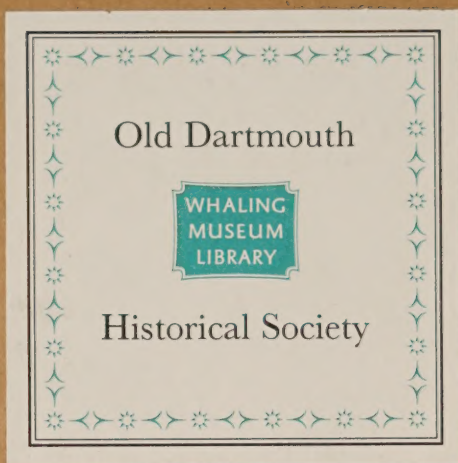
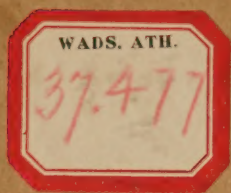






603.31a

OD-906













# Ship "Herald of the Morning."

Boston,

Sat. October 15<sup>th</sup> 1864. Left the "New England House" this morning at half past nine o'clock, in company with cousins Sylvester and Mathie Williams - family inclusive - and notwithstanding a drenching rain, were successfully landed on the steamer, which conveyed us to the ship out in the stream. We were joined on the dock by our fellow passengers, Mrs. and Miss Hapgood, Miss Edmunds, and numerous friends. The steamer towed us out to sea, while we congratulated ourselves on the smooth sea and freedom from sea sickness.

After lunch and the drinking of healths by the gentlemen we said adieu to our friends and the steamer left us, three cheers from them; three cheers from our own sailors, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs and dropping of tears by a few, they soon passed out of sight. The clouds are breaking away and with a fine breeze from the N. N. <sup>we</sup> are off for California.

In about ten minutes after, I note my sudden disappearance from the deck, and in such a haste that I tumble instead of walking down the stairs; the company soon follow, and at a very early hour, we retire, and as we are dieting care for no supper.

At Sea. October 16<sup>th</sup>. Boldly arose this morning and dressed myself, but was



soon obliged to yield to sea sickness, and spend the day in bunkibus. Mattie and I exchange salutations across cabin, relative to the disturbed state of our feelings, and conclude that we would sell ourselves for less than a mess of partridge. Wind during the day N. and S. W. Lat.  $42:35$  - Lon.  $77:50$ .

Oct. 17<sup>th</sup> Monday. Fine squalls from South, ship rocking and things flying ad lib. we don't plunder to get out of our berths to-day, making an exception of Jessie who goes to the table regularly, and brings us glowing descriptions of her pig chases on deck.

Oct. 18<sup>th</sup> Tuesday. During the night, had what Mattie and I call a furious gale, but as Sylvester insists that it was merely a fresh gale and squalls from N. N. W. so let it be, and allow me to say here, that our latitude is  $41:20$  - longitude  $59:20$ .

Wed. Oct. 19<sup>th</sup>. We feel a trifle better, we arise, and I, on the arm of my obliging cousin, with a "drawn me if you wish to" look on my face, take an airing on deck. The air is delightful, but the motion unendurable; locomotion is only kept up by leaning over backwards and making yourself resemble the leaning tower of Pisa as nearly as possible. Spend the remainder of the day with Mattie in bed. Squally weather, fresh gales from Westward. Lat.  $40:01$  N. Lon.  $56$  W.



Thursday, Oct. 20<sup>th</sup>. We really begin to feel a bit more natural and quite enjoy being on deck; with an interesting book almost forget about sea sickness. We still have a fine wind, heavy sea and are going along at the rate of thirteen knots an hour.

We opened the melodian this afternoon and under the combined influence of Ammonia and Bay Rum succeeded in raising and falling the right notes, and singing a few songs. Raining and squally, westerly wind in the A.M. easterly in the P.M.  
Lat 38:20 N. Lon. 53:25 W.

Friday, Oct. 21<sup>st</sup>. Went into ecstasies this morning over the beautiful appearance of the waves. I watched them for hours, as they rose so high, burst into a shower of spray, giving you a glimpse of a rain-bow in the water drops then receding and repeating — the dose as Matthei would say. The scenes down stairs have been <sup>rather</sup> ludicrous than otherwise; we cannot cross the cabin without going on a run and steadying ourselves by chairs and tables. This afternoon the baby was on the bed; we in the cabin; hearing a noise I managed to get to the state-room door and then fell down but righting myself again, was leaning over the babe when the ship gave a lee lurch, and pitched me over backwards through the door and heels over head I rolled the entire length of the cabin; Matthei seeing me make my appearance in such a novel manner concluded that I was in a dying condition, so rose up and screamed — only to be



capsized over on Sylvest. While Josie coming in to tell us that the stewardess had fallen down, took a small chair in her wake and rolled after me; Mattie starting again for baby, was upset the second time, the tout-ensemble was certainly most ludicrous. Sylvest and I went up on the fore castle this evening, leaned over the bow and watched the water dashing and foaming against the ship for a long time. Wind all around the compass, and a heavy sea. Lat. 37:10. Lon. 48:30

Saturday. Oct. 22<sup>nd</sup>. Mattie and I appeared at table this morning, and although the dishes are strictly blockaded they manage to run it about once in three minutes, and tea, coffee, gravy, and potatoes are mingled together, while we sway backwards and forwards in a most uncomfortable manner, grasping our plates to keep them from following our knives and forks just landed on the other side of the cabin.

We are making fine headway now, are fourteen hundred miles from Boston, and I don't realize that I am so far away on the ~~other~~ ocean, we seem to be right in the center of a good sized pond. The horizon is so much nearer than I thought it would seem. Good, sour, apples we have eaten to-day and never did anything taste better; indulged in prunes too, you're some better Mrs. O'Hannigan. Wind during the day N. S. W. Lat. 35:10 Lon. 44:10

Sunday Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup>. And such a warm, beautiful day, as mild as summer, the sky without a



cloud, the water without a ripple; just the day for going to church, but we must content ourselves with enjoying the Sabbath's calm, without its privileges. I translated two or three chapters in the French Testament; in the afternoon we sat down in the shade of the spunker and had a nice quiet time. Sylvest and I spent the evening on deck chatting and singing.

Lat 33 - Lon. 42. Wind N. S. W.

Monday Oct. 24 Commenced giving Josie lessons in music and English. It has been uncomfortably warm today, so much so that we did not venture on deck until evening. the young ladies envelope themselves in shawls and clouds while I don my huge sun bonnet and lose it on the deck after five minutes wearing. Mattie and I have been wishing that Ma and Clara Denison could just step in a moment and see how contented and happy we are, it really seems quite like home; I believe I shall get very much attached to the ship, she certainly looks very noble, with her sails all set, and just give her a fine breeze and she flies over the water like a bird. Lat. 32:50 N. Lon. 42:5

Tuesday Oct 25<sup>th</sup>. Our fine weather still continues. but we are having a calm, my friends scarcely make a knot an hour, visions of San Francisco fade away, at this rate, come ye gentle winds and fill our sails, but please don't disturb the waters; can't think of being sea-sick again, my appetite



increases every day, am glad we cannot know the current prices of edibles, we might be frightened, but I would really like to know who is President of the U. S.

The sound of the beating of eggs was heard in the steward's pantry this afternoon and a loaf of cake appeared on the table at supper, id est. I made myself useful.

We spent the evening on deck, the air was delightful, the stars bright.

Sylvester and I gazed at them through the telescope until I was bat-blind.

What little wind we had today was S.S.W.  
Lat. 32:10 Lon. 39:20.

Wednesday Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> Calm weather still continues. I made molasses cookies this afternoon, and enjoyed it too. Saw the smoke of a steamer but it was so distant couldn't get a glimpse of it.

Thursday Oct. 27<sup>th</sup>.

A strong southerly wind this morning, of course head ahead, and a heavy sea, and I am obliged to record the sea.

Sickness of us all, regretted on my part, as I lost the tomato soup and dough (am sorry I don't know how to spell it)

The wind more favorable this afternoon; are making seven knots; less sea sickness, less sea, and conclude with a good hearty supper.

Friday, Oct. 28<sup>th</sup>

A fine breeze to-day from N.W. which we hope will take us into the trade winds. N.B. Captain better natured, don't get snubbed



man if I do ask the name of the Saib twice in five minutes. We all went out forward this afternoon. Sylvester and I climbed out on the bowsprit, I enjoyed it hugely, cousin Matthe did not.

We had the loveliest sunset, without exception that I have ever seen, the sky was gorgeous; dark rolling clouds in the North-west were illuminated with an unearthly radiance which made the soft blue sky near the horizon seem heavenly, farther to the South, we traced beautiful picturesque "hills and valleys and winding streams", all colored so beautifully, just the tint I admire so much.

Saturday, Oct. 29<sup>th</sup>

In the trade winds at last, fine breeze from the N.E. and fine weather, this is decidedly the pleasantest day out, Matthe and I have been serving on deck. Saw seven sails this morning bound north, probably to England. Took us out today Sunday Oct 30<sup>th</sup>

Another lovely day - lowering clouds but no rain; spent almost the entire day on deck under the awning, which we find almost acceptable now that the sun is so warm. We have arrived at our "Sea legs" so that we can walk the deck and all from side to side like any old sailor. Monday, Oct. 31<sup>st</sup>

Great excitement!! a morphudite brig very near, bound westward; no exchange



longitude, which is accomplished by the carpenter chalking it out on a piece of black board and the mate holding it up at arms length, until they spy it out. We tried to think it was a nice day to be on deck, but the wind blew pretty fresh, my work flew around briskly, bonnet & cane got into my eyes, and I ended with a fine head ache.

Tuesday, Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> Came in — a la sailor — with light baffling winds from S.E. and equals. This afternoon were quietly seated on deck, when Miss Hapgood was seen tripping over chair and all; then commenced such a running, jumping, giving of orders "aye aye Sirs" and general confusion, we had carried away our forest gallant mast, nothing serious however, we will only lose the use of the fore top sail, royal, and gallant sail for a couple of days. Miss Edmunds and I remained on deck in the evening until a furious squall arose, the rain poured down, and we were slightly damped.

Wednesday, Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup>

Rain, rain, rain from morn till night, not shower but a steady stream, wind fair but a head sea can't stay in the cabin five minutes without feeling sick, so we have been in the pilot house all day, with the rain beating in, rippling over our feet, and making us feel sorry. Mr Te duffed hoops and long skirts, and putting on 'Subvert'



Sea jacket and heavy mackin, cap, sallied  
out and baffled the wind and mackin  
for the space of two hours and a half.  
Thursday. Nov 3<sup>rd</sup>

We have had nothing but a succession  
of heavy squalls all day, sure to rain if  
we did but get on our bonnets preparatory  
to going on deck; We have lost the North  
East Trade winds already, by last days S.E.  
winds and rain were never known in  
these latitudes before. Miss Edmunds and  
I spent the evening on deck although  
it blew very hard.

Friday Nov 4<sup>th</sup> -

Rather pleasant to-day, squalls less  
frequent, and the evening delightful  
after the sunset storm; Miss Edmunds  
and I had a game of dominoes by moonlight,  
the deck being very slippery we had some  
difficulty in keeping on our feet, however  
only lost my ladies once. It seemed real  
pleasant down in the cabin, we treated ourselves  
to lemon punch, then all sat on the sofa  
in the living saloon and entertained  
Miss Edmunds with stories until she  
suggested that it was time to retire.

Sat. Nov 5<sup>th</sup> -

No lessons to be learned to-day, we  
all assembled in the pilot house, some  
with sewing, some with books and managed  
to pass away time very pleasantly. Miss  
Hapgood is beginning to recover from sea-  
sickness, and spent two or three hours with  
us this afternoon - I made ginger bread.



and she is taken as a tree, for le-maron.  
 Steward's pantry was so uncomfortably  
 warm, I made all due haste in making  
 my way out. The evening was spent in  
 watching the deck with Emma and Hattie  
 studying the clouds and laughing at the  
 figures we saw in them, one of which,  
 the most striking, was an old lady with a  
 high crowned cap and ruffled border,  
 sitting in a high backed, old fashioned  
 chair, with her finger raised threateningly  
 at an unseen culprit, and I could almost  
 hear her say "Oh! you good for nothing" as  
 she leaned over in her chair and the rising  
 clouds hid her from our sight. Three weeks  
 out to day, the weeks begin to grow shorter.

I am sorry to add that we are not making  
 much head way with this south-westerly wind  
 only sixty miles on our way course, during  
 the last twenty-four hours. We are now in  
 Longitude 29:45 and Latitude 10:55.

Sunday Nov 6<sup>th</sup>

This is the day to think of home,  
 and to indulge in wondering, what our  
 dear ones are doing, what thinking, if they  
 are at church, and if they are thinking of  
 us, a real mother day, when you feel  
 as though you must see her just for a  
 minute, mais je suis contente ici, j'ai  
 le grand desir d'oublier l'annee d'absence et  
 j'espere que je puis. Our Sundays are  
 spent very quietly, no work done by the sailors  
 only what is really necessary. There is  
 scarcely any wind — and that from



the S.M. Lat 9:50, Lon. 27:25.

Monday Nov 7<sup>th</sup> -

Cloudy this morning when I arose after breakfast went on deck and as was caught then in one of the finest showers imaginable, but by standing in sun spot on the pilot house, did not get very wet. It cleared off this afternoon and as so warm we can scarcely breathe; the ship is describing a circle now, the wind shifting around and boxing the compass - When there is any the sea is as smooth as glass.

Lat. 8:45 - Lon 26:30

Tuesday Nov 8<sup>th</sup>

Warm weather has set in, in earnest, the sun is so blazing on the water, we cannot stay on deck; the cabin air is stifling but the pilot house is comparatively comfortable, our place of refuge, in all kinds of weather. We have been making beer and before retiring must bottle it, it is quite fine, far better than the water which is the same temperature as the atmosphere. I am compelled to drink very hot chocolate at dinner, and come to get up from the table all in a glow of heat "sweaty, sweaty", it makes it "sooty too". Mattie, Hattie and I had a fine time this evening playing hide and seek; third mate in garabaldi was some action and in hot pursuit after hiding places for us; he backed Hattie and me



away once in the cook's sleeping  
apartment, fortunately, Matthe found us  
just as suffocation was about to set in.  
our visions. Lat. 7:15 Lon. 26:40.

Wednesday Nov. 9<sup>th</sup>

Dull and dreary enough I can  
assure you, any one, but saw excitement  
at two o'clock, a youthful shark is  
caught with hook and line, soon after,  
we had fine sport in drawing in a  
nice (long) large fish called "bonitas", they  
followed the ship in large numbers; we  
tried to catch them all, but as we had  
no use for more than seven - the largest  
weighing thirty pounds - we were obliged to  
desist - we had some fried for supper  
and it tasted very much like real.

Our ship came quite near us this after-  
noon, they signaled with us, asked  
us where we were bound and where we  
came from, but as we had no pennants  
we could not answer them. We asked the  
name of one, the "Ulcrato", what the "line"  
it means, I don't know. Lat 5:40 Lon. 27.  
three hundred and forty miles yet from  
the equator.

Thursday Nov. 10<sup>th</sup>

Oh so warm, with scarcely any  
breeze; we had a thunder shower in  
the evening, but it did not seem to cool  
the air. We commenced using water  
from the tank to-day and it really was  
delightful, so cool and sweet, Sylocat  
says it was filled in Liverpool last



voyage, hope he is valiant for the truth.

Lat. 5:20. Lon. 26:30.

Friday Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> Boffling winds from the S. East and frequent squalls. I believe nothing interesting has occurred to-day, we have eaten and drunk, sewed and walked the decks until a shower obliged us to flee to the pilot house. Lat. 4:5. Lon. 26:50 m.

Saturday Nov. 12 - A very comfortable day, the sun has been clouded most of the time and we have had frequent squalls.

We caught a dabbin this afternoon, a beautiful fish with a changeable coat of green, blue and gold color and after death he changed again to silver; we did not eat him as he previously received an injury in the side. I have accomplished nothing this day, neither sewed, read, or played; watched clouds this afternoon; and remained on deck, during a very heavy sea, consequently was wet through and obliged to have a thorough drying. Miss Katie is my companion at such times, we enjoy a small exercise, the more mind the better, while poor Mattie remains in the cabin tormented with a thousand fears. The dream of home every night, Lizzie and Julia seem to figure most conspicuously in mine, while "Uncle Sam" and old Uncle John Watrous appear nightly to Mattie, and annoy her exceedingly, but I dare say she has related some truth from them in which we cannot best suitly in their place. Mind S. M. Lat.



Sunday Nov. 13<sup>th</sup>. Cool, cloudy day, wind mostly  
 ahead and forecast of seeing the equatorial  
 line within a week quite small. Read some of  
 "Piquet's Skirmish" this morning, where "Christina"  
 commanded her skirmishers with her only father,  
 I am sure to get it read to me, more  
 amusing than instructive. Miss Hazen had  
 one "Sir Kermit's Skirmish" "Beaks" this  
 afternoon, which I enjoyed exceedingly. He walked  
 on the main deck this eve, for a treat, it seemed  
 quite like being on land - because we could not  
 see water. Lat. 2:40 Lon 27:40W.

Monday, Nov 14<sup>th</sup>. The wind is fair to-day, but the  
 worst of it is, there is now a little gust once  
 in a while, we hope now, have the S.E. trade,  
 but trade winds, as far as my experience goes  
 are something that you are always hearing of  
 at sea and never attaining; always in the  
 region but never in the wind! He saw a  
 "Portuguese man of war" in the water this afternoon,  
 a funny looking little thing, looking more like  
 a lady's needle book than anything, when the  
 sails came out the wind it went along quite  
 rapidly. "Gracie" says this is new season  
 if taken in the hand, I'd venture it is  
 commoner than ever. He had quite a home  
 chat in the cabin before retiring, Mary, our  
 little Dutch stewardess raised one voice  
 very high at the corner of Harbinger's words,  
 declares we can get nice silk silver for  
 "a half dollar" a pound, so we have decided  
 to get a few to our easy friends around in an  
 evening list of solid material. We here became  
 so satiated that we had to order <sup>a plate of</sup> ginger-bread



and a bottle of ale - which last was not  
 me, until the contents had been sipped away -  
 and the indulgence caused me a restless night  
 and some want of ease. Lat 2 - Lon. 26:35.  
 Tuesday Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> - Saw a man on deck before  
 breakfast, the man was new to us, and gave me  
 a few words, and made me feel just as  
 walks before breakfast do at home. 'He no doubt  
 'tis an excellent character, but am sorry to say  
 it does not agree with me. Matt. and I  
 dined this morning, Josie did not. Well so we  
 passed over the Oblique lightly. Sunset and  
 I remained on deck till midnight until the  
 moon rose, the ship was so still in the  
 moonlight, with her sails nicely trimmed and  
 well filled, and we have a fine breeze to ride.

The moon has the navigator to-night at eleven  
 o'clock - it seems like water more among the  
 Methuists. I want to sit up and see the moon  
 but am as old Nature would want me  
 to be a daughter to the sea. Sunset has been  
 telling us how the Sai are used to saying  
 imitating the "bark" into the mysteries of  
 being a man off the shore at this time, but

has been promoted by rain. Lat 1:5. Lon. 28  
 Wednesday Nov. 16<sup>th</sup>. Flying along with a fine  
 South East wind, all in good spirits, and  
 harmony prevailing. Commenced reading  
 "Martin Chuzzlewit" this afternoon, rather a heavy  
 treat for me, and dear I shall be found  
 reading at inopportune times. The water is full  
 of blackbirds this evening, more plentiful  
 in the wake of the ship, but flying and  
 speaking all over the water. Such is the



I had tonight, I was privileged to steer the ship and did so quite successfully for twenty minutes - attended to all the details of that station - re-baiting her I headed, and striking in six bells, although not in a strictly orthodox manner. Mr. Tiffin - alias, I am sure with a reasonable experience - says he has seen an at least two different ships, where the officers etc being, "taken down", ladies have assumed command. Lower the crew, stowed matches, taken the sun, and gone out back with flying colors. I remained on deck until 6 o'clock, waiting for the moon to rise, and talked with Mr. Halverson, the second mate. Lat. 5:25 S. Lon. 29:10.

Thursday Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> - Charming weather; air, sea, and ship unexceptionable, who wouldn't sing.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave". V

Went in the South-East trade? especially when breeze with good heat, and a ravenous appetite.

During its late hours last (evening) night, I seemed to be quite "sloshed" - German Pilsener afternoon, and took a siesta on one end of the sofa, and Mattie on the other; she occasionally disturbed my naps with a question, and as I was not inclined to answer, successfully gained sleep. I had a short conversation with "he of the Garabaldi" this evening, seems to be a well meaning lad, disposed to entertain, but small Tom and Sam are the favorites, I catch an odd minute when the Captain isn't looking and enjoy little scenes of his own - chiefly broken shells, masses of red wax, red wicks, and such kind of stuff owned by Mr. Tiffin - and making for me. Lat. 4:25 S. Lon. 30:25 W.

Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> - A busy day with dame Maria, the sailors



have been surprised at well knowing the  
 position of the mast, Mr. Ligon is in a  
 high state of excitement has walked, but not  
 scolded, called out the poor little Frenchman who  
 is never known to contradict a word of English  
 and who is a perfect specimen of a man of  
 a million about, it is really amusing to  
 watch his countenance, when all this is done  
 such a picture of innocent ignorance, and  
 real distress, he, when guided to the right  
 side by the side of his ear, or a tweak of the  
 red pick handkerchief always worn around his  
 neck, he looks so grateful and better in a  
 jist; Mr. Lifford talks to him much in the  
 finger, nose and eye brow manner with a  
 will to make his motions more lively.

We've caught another dolphin, for breakfast  
 to-morrow morning, it makes it better than  
 have a fish market so handy. Made ginger-bread  
 again this afternoon, passengers seem to take to  
 Mrs. Ligon and I had a long conversation  
 about Mrs. Ligon, she can be very good  
 when she likes. Lat 78. Lon. 3:45 W.

Saturday, Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> - Passed the day very interesting  
 read most of the time, made hats and  
 sparrowed the remainder, it is getting so warm,  
 I heard many noise on the stairs leading to the  
 after deck, being very convenient for the sailors  
 who are obliged to climb up some other way  
 stepped on a match this afternoon  
 which went off, with such a report that they  
 heard it was in the pilot house; and scared me  
 as much as an unexpected torpedo on a "Fruit  
 at all". No more to-day. Lat 8:45 W. Lon. 33:3 W.



Sunday, Nov 20<sup>th</sup> Again in the "Gardens" - with  
 much sailing, and frequent exercises. We caught  
 a dolphin this afternoon, and took we fish on  
 board - by no means - we were here the fish  
 taking all the time and Mr. and Mrs. T. and his  
 and going along, swam down our boat - Mr. T. sat  
 off the line before we could get him on the rail.  
 But Mrs. T. decided on a thing, so she was  
 rather large for coming sailing, and she kindly came her  
 to the sailors. I being in sight this afternoon,  
 found the wind. The day seems quite long now,  
 we get tired of reading by two o'clock, and by  
 three are the candles - make the main deck,  
 down with the candles - and finally, rest to  
 sitting, quite and, and. In the evening the storm  
 and rain about nine o'clock. Lat. 12° 15'. Lon 33° 12'.

Monday, Nov 21<sup>st</sup> A day of sailing, desirably day,  
 and wind, and sailing of ship, sailing,  
 five hours out of the day, and as a swimming stroke  
 "Mary is making. The shot in back "Bontel" the  
 afternoon, from the boat down to Australia;  
 she came so near we could be on board  
 distinctly; the cannon seemed to be pecked with a  
 mine with four children, two in arms, together with  
 another lady, which unless mistaken was the miss  
 again in the mouth of the mine or a broad.  
 With the attention was shown, as not I can  
 not say, but the attention, recognized me in  
 colors, and names, to skirt, and baguini;  
 they had been out forty days - had fair weather  
 in the south-east trade - passed Penambuca or  
 a Porto down the age - we could not distinguish  
 which - and we killed only three miles  
 in the distance. A sudden squall arose just







development to be more or less, but are innocent of  
 one having a spiritual aspiration. We the  
 first - made victims of mass state in the house &  
 told of it, until I was asked what I was doing;  
 it was during time to write, we advanced the  
 matter. Sat 18:21 Sun 37:30.

Thursday, Nov 24<sup>th</sup>. Chauragins are. The opened again  
 by making two chicks live and two Chauragins  
 feeding, and a lot of other things - but let's  
 spending the morning making goodie for the Sultan  
 (in time in light state and close) the  
 sympathizing public did not even reward me by  
 saying "it tasted good" and spent the afternoon in  
 writing, and I was forced to go to bed very late.  
 I feel the same as the same by me before this;  
 I suppose they were thought to be many times to be  
 but looking at it with me and I was more to be  
 it is, several in the day, and I was very  
 tired of my things, and I spent the morning in  
 looking at it. This was good and I should  
 back more and more, as the had finished writing, then  
 it was and raising and a lot of other, and  
 then, the morning was very unusual.

Friday, Nov 25<sup>th</sup>. I had a good, and frequent shower,  
 the sailors have been very busy the last three days  
 in cleaning the ship. The sailors, to going in to  
 had with a clear thought for me, especially  
 when seen with the sailor's remark, that, "The  
 man had a tough stitching; he was coming down again".  
 The fact is getting to be a great bit among us;  
 as the moment to send me and occasionally I suggested  
 me to "me his respects to you", although to whom "um"  
 refers will in this case, be a matter of uncertainty.



Saturday Nov 26<sup>th</sup>. Such a storm and so cold in  
 the night. Saw a few sparrows. This was the  
 first I have seen since we left. The trees were  
 bare, standing bare and high up in the air. and  
 some unexpected birds. I was so inconsiderate  
 and inconsiderate standing near the side of the vessel.

I have seen in the pilot house most all day  
 in the cold wind. I was so cold and  
 weary to remain in that place over a long time  
 at a time. Lat. 25.5 Lon. 41.22.

Sunday Nov 27<sup>th</sup>. Decided by all to be the very  
 pleasant day out, it seems so much like a fine  
 autumn day, and we all seem to be thinking of  
 our autumn leaves and wondering if the  
 chestnuts are ripe — and in the end we have  
 been pleased — and then remembering that it is  
 almost impossible for me unwillingly suggest, that  
 trees may be leafless, with perhaps a light fall of  
 snow on the ground, while friends in cloaks and  
 hats are briskly walking to church, with fingers  
 aching with cold. I wrote a few words to Eddie  
 this afternoon, dear little thing, I want to see her  
 much. He remained an old soldier in the  
 summer, wishing to have been a soldier long  
 since more.

Monday Nov 28<sup>th</sup>. What a change from yesterday.  
 I was awakened by being called from one  
 side of the berth to the other, being very much  
 first to the left, then to the right, and hearing  
 that the call was successful in bringing me  
 before learning that we were in the harbor.  
 It continued all day — being a dark day.  
 We have not walked today, but slid wherever  
 we wanted to go — across the cabin with the



momentum, that we would be brought up with more force than agreeable. I had that mind, that I made cookies this afternoon, although it was not particularly agreeable to be dashed against rocks and cliffs, and see your pans, floor and butter following you in a perfect avalanche; however this came out right in the end (the cookies) and did credit to the cook.

Tuesday Nov. 29<sup>th</sup>. Gale still continues, and with the wind and sea so directly ahead, we have made very little of "nothing". I have tumbled over on Mattie eight times today, finally fell on the deck - being very wet - and slid some distance on my back - comfortable. Lat. 29:35. Lon. 46:39.

Wednesday Nov 30<sup>th</sup>. Getting to anchor again; the wind is calm again this afternoon. Sylvestre and I had a little conversation with Sam relative to the future of his ship, which he says is his first; he gave us a few scraps of his history, he is the son of a farmer from Belfast, Maine: he wanted to go to sea - his father gave him his outfit - he is now at sea on the Seal Wages - poor uneducated Sam, is a fine looking fellow, with a beautiful dimple and smile. Mattie, Sylvestre and I went out on the fore-castle, and had a real nice time watching the martingale when it dipped - and when we were not watching it dipped with other boys at the fore end and made us fix our eyes for a time. A New moon to-night - seen over my left shoulder. Lat. 29:55. Lon. 47:19.

Thursday Dec 1<sup>st</sup>. The first day of winter but only a cool wind with stars, and so warm again that I have been on deck all day and evening with nothing around me. A frost was seen this



no rain. But it was so soon in afternoon the rain  
 came, the most of it. This day was not so much  
 a nice day as the morning. — We have a great  
 confidence about two sailings in the week and the  
 rest of the time are as cool and pleasant as can be.

We saw an albatross this afternoon, a beautiful one  
 we hoped he would follow the ship but he was  
 soon lost to sight. Towed ahead again — we took  
 this evening less home, and even then scarcely made  
 a mile an hour on our course. Lat. 50:25. Lon 48:11.  
Friday Dec 2<sup>nd</sup>. Another beautiful day, and what is  
 still better — a fair wind. — We have had our  
 sewing out on deck in the shade of the pilot house  
 and the women's and maid's — they were very much  
 excited on seeing the smoke of a steamer — guessing  
 that it was a privateer. Then they said and I  
 played chess this afternoon, and the exercise gave  
 me a wholesale attack for my tea, and not  
 being satisfied with the loss I ran out to have  
 taken considerable back from the second table.  
 But was strongly flustered with onions — so I had  
 to eat much cold in the evening for I was  
 distressed and even then I was quite sick. I heard  
 Lyones & merron sometimes about "police".

We saw four or five smaller floating around in  
 the water, at least a half dozen and Mr. Lyones  
 stood for a long time with his gun in the air  
 ready to strike when they should come near (one  
 man off duty was because all the boats) but  
 proved as "Edgar" poetically remarked to me, to be "m  
 ade about nothing" for they bravely kept their  
 distance. Lat 30:30 Lon 43:34.

Saturday Dec 3<sup>rd</sup>. Very industrious all the morning  
 mended stockings and, cut some more) and in the



atkinson Marie and I baked twice, cakes and bread; the crumbles in the twice baked we had as twice, - twice in the cakes a failure, and even the bread was a success. Lat. 35:27. Lon. 55:18.  
Sunday, Dec 4<sup>th</sup>. Kind of a lonesome day - it is raining and we have to remain in the cabin - we are off the river Rio de la Plata - where a gate is looked for at all seasons of the year; we have experienced nothing but a sudden change of wind, at twelve o'clock - before that time we were going seven knots. The day the setting sun, it is not dark now until eight o'clock. Saw on the coast this afternoon, I have just learned something new about them - that they are sea-sick when taken on board of a ship and vomit up all they have on their stomachs, poor things, we can sympathize. Lat. 35:45. Lon. 55:38.

Monday, Dec 5<sup>th</sup>. A cold interesting day. After taking me out, we in three or four hours - however it came off pleasant and warm at sundown - the wind dying away and leaving us in a calm.

T. W. I don't forget to tell that I have dreamed of Enik, Marie twice. Lat. 35:42. Lon. 52:02.

Tuesday, Dec 6<sup>th</sup>. I rose this morning at six o'clock and after a hot shower on board before breakfast, and really felt better for it - and although the air is cool, it is so clear and bright, and the sun feels so warm and nice - I enjoy it better than the hot weather. Commenced reading "Peter Simple" today.

I had a long talk with Sam, after tea, out by the back passage, he standing behind the main mast; and Mr. Hallett hurrying at us in the distance. I am afraid Sam said "hoss" but perhaps that is the way the broncos are in Marie. Mr. Hallett kindly told me the names of multitudes of Rio



robes, so many indeed, that I cannot possibly carry  
 much more than four of them at the present moment.

Lat 35:25. Lon. 53:00.

Wednesday Dec 7<sup>th</sup>. With the wind still here about the  
 day we lachinned our way in a series of crooked lines into  
 St. Petersburg. (And laughed and cried so much  
 that Sylvest was indeed at last, in the evening,  
 his own apartment - to wit what we could find  
 to stay about so much - I think, it is really  
 pleasant for him, when he comes down into the Cabin  
 to have a quiet chat with us, to find us in a state  
 bordering on hysteria, and not able to explain  
 ourselves. Jessie informed me this morning that the  
 had been forward and received a letter from the man.  
 We had a fine northerly wind this morn but  
 before night it went around with the south-west  
 again and headed us off. Lat 40:05. Lon. 55:32.

Thursday Dec 8<sup>th</sup>. We must enjoy the fine weather  
 as much as possible for we are fast nearing the  
 "Horn", the "ultima thule" of all our joys, although we  
 wouldn't judge from our appearance that it is. I should  
 expect that Sylvest has come suddenly upon us  
 several times to-day, with our hands filled with milk  
 cakes and a whole skin of little charbon. The stars  
 once and for all after the for a long while, red for  
 the first time since I left home. I really don't think  
 I am afraid Miss Edmonds absolute is increasing.  
 I thought it was "a cone" for sure when she passed  
 her plate for feeding, after consulting with me  
 dinner. Mathie sat a last retreat and left me in  
 the corner of my mouth twitching, and a strong desire  
 to burst into a hearty laugh. Then I am sure now  
 was discomposed this Co. if I had. Lat 41: Lon. 57:50



Friday Dec 9<sup>th</sup>. I have been sitting here at least one half an hour trying to think of something to make today's journal interesting, but as far as I can ascertain, nothing worthy or wise has been said or done by the individuals in the ship - and as far as the weather it has been chilly - although a fair wind most of the time - neither season's clock time gave me any appearance of a heavy squall - and finally ended in a little sea and less wind. We are now off the coast of Patagonia in Lat. 41:57 and Lon. 59:47.

Saturday Dec 10<sup>th</sup>. Jessie dreamed last night that Addie was dead, and I, that she was going to die, it really makes me feel quite unpleasant, although I cannot say that because, generally, make much of an impression on my mind & I hope the dear, sweet "Miss" will take "tuff" and not die like "Mary Tyler" die. Miss Talbot has been sick all day - it has been new rough, but the rest of our stock is nicely. The sailors have finished mending sails, and to-day rubbed up the gun - shot-house, railing and brass generally - so we are shining on deck & look as bright as can be. Lat. 43:30. Lon. 61:57.

Sunday Dec 11<sup>th</sup>. Passed a merry night, we rolled and tossed about so much, and I had my nose bumped so many times against the bulk, who could sleep under such trying circumstances? I took a bath this morning, but I think it will be the last until we are in warm weather again; the water is now very cold. We had a fire in the small stove, in the mess room to-day, it is getting so cold, but if it is so chilly here in summer, what can it be in winter? Waffie and I "napped" this morning a while, just enough to make me feel bad the rest of the day.



It was not back to night until half past eight.  
Lat 44:20. Lon. 62:59.

Monday, Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> We saw some "kells" this morning, something resembling sea-weed, the leaves large leaves and stem; it grows on rocks, down thirty fathoms (in the water) and is washed off in great masses, and rises to the surface - nearer the shore, navigation is dangerous where "kells" is seen.

At three o'clock we made "Das Kubie", it bore true N. N. W. twenty miles and satisfied us that the chronometer is correct. I enjoyed seeing land once more, although it looked like nothing but a blue misty mountain. Lat. 45: Lon. 64:52.

Tuesday, Dec 13<sup>th</sup> comes in with the lightest of sun and the clearest air in just those now we were out on deck rejoicing in the sunlight, seeing "Charlie" mid. take yard, while late me creaking round the deck - but by three o'clock we were in a furious squall, heaving under reefed topsails - we shivered a small sea once it was fun to see the water pour over the side. I found my berth well drenched and changed lodgings into the "sail bunk", just when I have been wanting to sleep. We expected to have seen Lake Beauvo today but the current off shore prevented - we passed it at the distance of twenty five miles - Lat. 47:14. Lon. 65:00.

Wednesday Dec 14<sup>th</sup> a day of "miserable" - look at my mouth any time and you will see it filled with rain ice, and my pocket with water. We arrived at our place before tea with kicking out shreds from the sails, after the seams had been ripped, thereby assisting "Edgar". After tea, Patrick and I sailed. Small boats in the bay.



and watched whales, they were about a mile off but we could see them about distinctly - and even left the ship or looked or something black, out of the water. Lat 49:45. Lon. 65:06.

Thursday Dec 15<sup>th</sup> A southerly wind the morning which changed to the north-west this afternoon although a head sea prevented going further than four hours. In the forenoon we had on deck to prevent freezing. Mr. Walter Biddle, entertained me this evening with a history of his mother's love courtship, and an acquaintance with Emma, I found that she had been far and away. It was real high the night at nine o'clock - Lon 64:55. Lat 50:5.

Friday Dec 16<sup>th</sup> North westerly wind still continues, but growing and it is consequently much warmer. We averaged the knots all night - and now off the Straits of Magellan. Rain set in this afternoon, the wind increasing until seven o'clock when it blew a moderate gale, we reefed main sail and spanker - mizzen and <sup>main</sup> topsails. Emma and I played piquet game at "cubers" before and after tea and passed two hours in a breakfast. Lyburt couldn't get an observation at twelve o'clock and consequently we don't know our position - only by dead reckoning. and as there is as much current to the northward and eastward, we cannot depend upon that as being correct.

Saturday Dec 17<sup>th</sup> The land of "Terra del Fuego" is in view - with its mountain tops covered with snow, and we distinguish the "Table of Gygeo" a Table topped hill, a thousand feet above the sea - The "Terra Borrero", and further on the coast is Cape San Diego, between which and Staten land is the Strait of Lee Mass -



where we hope to be at two o'clock. Passing  
 through it, the wind permits - between night  
 [day] - We are now nearly off "Cape Diego" and  
 it is so clear, we can see the land, & dried Larch  
 and to crown the delight - we spy green shrub  
 on the extremity of the Cape; Now we are in  
 the Strait, and enjoy every moment - the  
 wind is fair, and we are going  $17\frac{1}{2}$  miles  
 an hour - Staten Land is seen, but indistinct  
 rolling white clouds crown the hill-tops, and  
 hill & cloud are so intermingled, that the  
 white snow seems resting on both - An "Irra"  
 we see a hundred things to admire - the  
 variety of shape in the hills, round pointed  
 abrupt & rocky, with dizzy precipices and  
 others gently rising from the level of the sea  
 which the melting snow - { but it is summer  
 here remember } is trickling down on the  
 sunny sides. There is a cloud rising in  
 that Valley - it is smoke! I exclaim, "The  
 Cannibals are building a fire, they are  
 out japinging" - But are satisfied that is  
 surely something - but only Sylvest explains  
 that it is the gusts of wind, whirling the snow  
 high in air, and we soon realize it - In opposite  
 every valley the wind rushes down, & over the  
 water, fairly making the ship quiver, as we  
 rush along. We passed through in two hours  
 this certainly has been the happiest day yet  
 All agreed that a better run through the Straits  
 could not have been made - Some times the  
 wind suddenly changes to S. by E, when the ship  
 is half way through, and they are obliged to  
 anchor in "Good Success Bay".



Sunday Dec 18<sup>th</sup> Sylvest called me at half past five this morning as we were opposite Cape Horn and as the air was clear, we had a fine opportunity of seeing the "Horn" and neighboring islands. This is certainly very different from what we expected here, as we <sup>have</sup> read nothing but "Horn" gales, ever since we left Boston. Then congratulating each other on our recovery from sea sickness, we were sure to hear "oh you just wait till we are down to the Cape, accompanied by a dismal groan, but I don't be too hasty, perhaps we are not around yet. We saw one Cape Pigeon today - a real pretty little thing, spotted brown & white. They are usually seen here in great numbers. Penguins too, are around the ship this morning. They are so charming and - resemble a duck in form with smaller wings - but they are so smooth they make one think of seals. And are quicker than a wink in their motions. They are sailing quietly along one instant, and before you could say "Lurch Robin" are all out of sight, diving and appearing again unexpectedly on the other side of the ship.

Monday Dec 19<sup>th</sup> Mattie called me early this morning - and insisted on my making such haste, that but half awake, I started for the cabin and had the ten into secured out of me, by coming face to face with an immense bird - which I soon learned was an albatross. The massive ten feet & some inches from tip to tip of his wings. And by



and at breakfast time she had caught eight, it looked as if we had a flock of giant geese aboard! We attempted to pluck the parson and pierce the skin with the beautiful white down upon it - but found that it was the wrong season of year for doing so. We killed two but skinned the wings and backs of the others and let them go. We seem to have considerable lead sea. Sylvest says it is so here - four hundred or fifty fine days in a year - and no one ever happened along on the lucky shore hundred + fifty fifth. Lat 57.5 Lon 68.11. W. B. The ship once caught an albatross measuring 22 feet from tip to tip -

Tuesday Dec 20<sup>th</sup>. I proposed. Last evening to be awakened this morning in time to see the aurora. Consequently about one o'clock Mattie aroused me, not that it was time to get up - but as she had not been to bed, she concluded that I wanted to be a night bird also - but as it was daylight - I dressed myself - and found her out by the fire with the tea kettle boiling. So we had a real get-to. Made us some chocolate and ate crackers, until I felt about as seasick as water could bear - Then waited for the sun from quarter past two till chock three o'clock, and although it was fine and clear overhead, there was a mist so thick in the East, that I couldn't get a peep at the sun, until fifteen minutes after rising. But I am satisfied I thank you - There is a little too much romance



in it to try it very often. Lat 57:45 Lon 69:54  
 Wednesday Dec 21<sup>st</sup>. The days are a trifle  
 gloomy along here - as the wind or rain, prevent  
 our going on deck. Emma has lent me  
 a book, and I am deeply interested in the chronicle  
 of the "Schmberg Colta Family" at the time of the  
 reformation by Martin Luther. and I think it  
 very well written. "Else" particularly, tells her story  
 in such a simple truthful way.

Saturday Dec 24<sup>th</sup>. The past two days have been  
 but a blank, we have had a heavy N.W. gale,  
 and a very high sea, making locomotion as  
 good as impossible - and fresh being permitted  
 to lie abed by the "Lord of the Storm" - have been  
 knocked up in chairs - and waked at the clock  
 until we could hear a "match below". This is  
 the day before Christmas. Luke and all the good  
 Episcopalian are probably finishing the trimming  
 of the church - and anticipating the persons who  
 are going. "Trinder" & Betty have the little "kito"  
 with her, and if she will have a "Christmas Eve"  
 here, which I doubt about the evening with them -  
 Poor little Jojo is recovering & hanging up her  
 stockings tonight - & the Santa Claus will  
 have some difficulty in reaching the ship in  
 such a gale as this.

Sunday Dec 25<sup>th</sup>. Christmas here here is as  
 happy as a queen - our stocking was marvellously  
 filled - we all enjoyed our gifts, and  
 we all felt that I really think she would  
 better than she would at home - but as the gale  
 still continues making our days & nights intolerable  
 getting. The air was filled yesterday, so we  
 did not venture out of the ship & shore - but



The shipper gave me a stone on the beach of the river  
 side. To give you a rough idea of the luck - one  
 of them is now with me. Had fine trip to death  
 in one morning. As they had a hard wind  
 and it was completely quiet around here, and  
 my whole spirit the highest feeling  
 of death - but the sign has failed me.  
 Cat 58. Dec 71

Monday Dec 26<sup>th</sup> The wind was at last  
 died a natural death. The sun was  
 down and we are quiet once more - at  
 last. Had a fine trip - Mr. Scarcely knew that it was  
 a long time. Hepten and I made  
 two large baskets of cakes for the sailors. In  
 afternoon buttered our sweats and raisins  
 making it just as nice as you could. The  
 crew delighted. We saw some fishing and  
 smiling, and at last Mattie was called for, and  
 on going up to the pilot house some was comforted  
 by the "able watch" with "inean" for Alecker, to  
 give her a note of thanks from the "Port watch".  
 And afterwards we came back to the "main"  
 and some a dinner with his brother his house &  
 giving me a military salute. And he was  
 requested by the "main" watch to thank me  
 for the cake. I felt quite foolish to agree  
 and when I saw some on the ground of my hear  
 and board. I Mattie & self thought we would  
 like to make some cakes every day.  
 Cat 59. Dec 72:15

Tuesday Dec 27<sup>th</sup> A bright day as we  
 could wish, and a fair wind. But rather  
 moderate. Had a nice walk on deck  
 after tea. It seems to be the ship



under full sail again. I went out all  
 morning, but did not catch a single fish. I set  
 out later bait on about quarter of ten,  
 but as it was cloudy we did not see  
 it. Sat 27. Jan 73. 22.  
 Monday Jan 28. Still, and foggy, and it seems  
 so much like June. I can readily imagine the  
 church steeples, and houses on the hill, just  
 beyond the fog, and when it is a little lifted,  
 the house, but that is some distance's morning  
 lot, with the large winter hay-cock just outside  
 the barn yard fence, and the cattle quietly  
 rumination and chewing the cud, in the  
 yard itself, will make his appearance, and  
 indeed it would not astonish me, if  
 I felt as if my being here was all a  
 dream, and sooner or later I shall awaken  
 some morning in my own room at home.  
 Mr. Griffin accosted the poor little "Truckman"  
 as "here you - saddle saddle" which amused  
 me much. Sat 27. 23 - Mon 78:35.  
 Monday Jan 28, 1865. Which is about all I  
 can get except to enter into the Centenarian's opinion  
 in "Batter's Composition" that it is true in the  
 squirrel to build his nest - but as we have  
 neither squirrel or nest in these regions,  
 I can only possibly think of generalizing -  
 You exchanged two years' greetings at the  
 breakfast table, and before made me a  
 toast & a bottle of Anglica wine, his  
 health to be drunk at the evening of it.  
 I have been enjoying a stay at our house for  
 some days last winter. The bank in town  
 is a fine one. Monday Jan 28. 1865. At Legno



So I rather guess across with me again for  
 one week again. We have been sixteen days for  
 latitude 50 on the Atlantic side, & so on  
 latitude and I have been rather less spirited in  
 afternoon and I think Sylvest shared the  
 feeling too. In afternoon I found him in the  
 clothes room asleep on the slop chest, and  
 that seems occurs unless there is something  
 wrong some time. So we all retired early.  
 Believing no clear forecast could be said, the  
 things could still look bright again for the  
 morning" - Lat 50:40 Lon 89:30.

Thursday Jan 3<sup>rd</sup> Another treat for me -  
 Emma has lent me "Scottish Chiefs"  
 a book that I have longed to read for years  
 and I was so interested already. I went to be  
 reading all the time. I cut the lining to a  
 dress this afternoon and in the evening after  
 our usual exercises, Emma & I had another  
 long talk. Lat 49:15 Lon 91:50

Friday Jan 4<sup>th</sup> I expected to do a great  
 deal today in the way of sewing, but I have not  
 taken one stitch. The ship commenced pitching  
 so I exchanged the needle for a book, and  
 spent almost the whole day in Scotland, in  
 Wallace and his noble chiefs. We are  
 having a long spell of cloudy weather. In  
 afternoon it really seems like clearing up  
 the sun came out bright and the dark  
 clouds rolled away to the eastward. I  
 ran on deck in such haste to see the  
 dear blue sky that I slipped, & fell  
 down by the "hobby hatch" and the  
 whole patch was witnessed. But in the



on Jan 4<sup>th</sup> is cloudy as ever. no  
observation today.

Thursday Jan 5<sup>th</sup>. Up bright and early this  
morning. Read an hour and a  
half before breakfast. Then Mattie and I  
sat down and had a good old fashioned  
sewing day, and I really enjoyed it. Mrs  
Hobbs says it has been a delightful  
day on deck. She spent some hours in the  
cabin but we did not get out till after  
tea. Mattie made half a dozen crinoline  
waists today. We all ate steam, sick or  
well. Had taste as much like home.  
The wind is west, and has been ever  
since we struck an eye to Cape Horn.  
Everything goes by "contraries" - Mrs dear as  
usual. The master and Bylandt thinks we  
are in for a long passage. Lat 47: Lon. 90:4  
Friday Jan 6<sup>th</sup>. Rough and rolling, and a  
general disagreeableness. Many sick and abed  
the entire day. Cabin too dark to sew and  
no inclination on my part to be agreeable.  
Lat 46:20. Lon 91:20

Sunday Jan 8<sup>th</sup>. Wind fair and strong, and  
we are off again for California. The repairing  
brig was killed yesterday so we had another  
trip of fresh pork today. At this stage of  
our journey, we seem to be ashore for  
amusement. All tell our dreams, and  
recount stale stories. Talk about the master  
as much as cousin Esther but ever did, and  
think we shall be in Fresno by week  
from tonight. Mrs Hargood thinks it  
looks like rain. Emma hopes it is



getting warmer - I wonder how many knots we are going, and I wish Mattie would go one foot forward to have a peep at the night. So good night my journal, my night - I wish we must all be in our respective beds dreaming of home and those we cannot see for many a long month. Lat 91: 20. 10  
 Monday Jan 10<sup>th</sup> - If change comes over in spirit, of our dreams - We walk out - untroubled and untroubled, the 25<sup>th</sup> wind blowing our locks unheeded, the light weather sails are again flying true and the ship's sides undergoing the screeching, awful sounds to which we are used. The screeching to being silenced. This is Hatcher Hazen William's birthday - one year has passed over his little head. I trust he will lose none of his sweetness as he grows older - he is so lovely now. Mattie and I have real cheerful living days along here. Scarcely all the passengers from morning to night except at table - My amiable cousin pinned a long piece of canvas to my dress while I was on deck this afternoon, and I promenaded with it until sailor Joie kindly assisted me to get it off. Lat 38: 35 -  
 Lat 90: 50

Tuesday Jan 11<sup>th</sup> - Devoted to sewing & reading and was so interested in my Bible at supper time I could not leave them to partake of it - It is the most fascinating



story of older times, and William Wallace  
 the most perfect character that I ever read  
 of. His enemies could but admire, and  
 his friends idolize his virtues. Ambitions  
 in his country, not for himself. Three  
 times refusing a crown, only desirous  
 of saving and assisting the royal Robert  
 Bruce to the throne. and at last dying  
 rather than forfeit his honour or principles.  
 I shall always detect the meaning of  
 Edward 1<sup>st</sup> King of England, and those  
 detestable Lords, Hubert & the Valence -  
 Lat 36:20 Lon 96.

Thursday Jan 12<sup>th</sup> Salt Water. I find that  
 I have commenced a sentence, which apparently,  
 would have conveyed but little sense, had  
 it been finished, but as I was interested  
 at the time, the brilliant idea has flown -  
 I will now say that Emma has been  
 imitating me so far as to have a wig  
 on her left eye. The first time she has  
 ever enjoyed that privilege. I have been  
 very indolent this day, accomplished just  
 nothing at all - When we came down  
 into the cabin tonight, Mattie was invisible,  
 I went and took the candle and  
 instituted a search everywhere, in  
 closets and staterooms, bread lockers  
 and holds. but we could not find a  
 trace of her. Finally giving it up and  
 sitting down in the after cabin. He fixed  
 her, merely squatted behind the opposite  
 stuffed chair - the simplest place of all  
 others. Lat 33. Lon 93:30



Friday Jan 14<sup>th</sup>. A fair wind and we are plugging through the water. Some head sea for and some pitching but that I don't "care nothing about". Sam made me a diminutive basket from the shell of an almond this eve which made it "footy" fine. We gave a moonlight serenade also, sitting on the skylight, and after, Mr. Haller lent me two large volumes of the History of Peru. I must be bed out to sheer sleepers. Lat 36:20 Lon 94:40

Sat Jan 14<sup>th</sup>. Duplicious day. We have had the skylight off again this afternoon, and the delightful Pacific air reached our many temples. Made two hundred and fifty miles from noon to noon. Lat 30:15 Lon 98.

Sunday Jan 15<sup>th</sup>. Glorious day. We are in machine and cannot but be happy. We are now in fine weather latitudes, and we think this nice breeze will take us into the Southeast trades. Behaving swimming. Had a long talk with Mr. Griffin. He amuses me so much with his flyaway gestures and apt similes. He said he gave two coats to the sailors a day or two since - one to be brushed, & a new one, new worn but to two balls or "ship cups" - and the other to be mended - when they made the sad mistake to cut one of the tails off from the new coat to mend the old one - an irreparable loss and laughable in the bargain. Lat 27:40 Lon 100:20



Monday Jan 16<sup>th</sup> A.S. all aware. We are  
 just as happy as we can be, never better  
 contented. The sailors are painting ship.  
 We are going to make a fine appearance  
 in San Francisco. Have everything in dining  
 up in order - cabin and all. Mattie and I  
 are expected to participate in the oiling  
 of the latter. Out of the shades of yr "Hattie"  
 + say if we don't ahead, it don't 25.40 Lon 102.30

Tuesday Jan 17<sup>th</sup> Riving has been the order  
 of the day so long, that Sylvest has at last  
 offered an approximation, and wants to know when  
 it will be so we can knock about decks  
 again. Sam. Charlie, & I had a fine  
 long conversation this evening at the "rendezvous  
 of the turf barrels. Charlie gave me the  
 particulars of his being taken by the "Pirate  
 Alabama" and said Capt. Stephens appeared  
 like a very rough man, instead of the  
 gentleman that he is represented to be.  
 Sam gave a graphic description of the  
 mishaps on deck. Said Ed was walking  
 along siderrays today in what he should  
 call a blind gait, when he struck his  
 paint pot against a spar, & spilt all  
 the paint. And to complete his misadventure  
 Mr. Whitten who was going aloft backed  
 + stood right in it. I couldn't not like  
 to hear what he said, when he found  
 his shoes blacked gratis. They amused  
 me and I laughed heartily, until  
 eight bells warned me that it was  
 time to make my appearance in the  
 cabin. Southeast trades for certain and



Lat 22:50 Lon 104

Wednesday Jan 18<sup>th</sup> A new bird was  
around the ship this afternoon called  
"boatwain". remarkable for a solitary  
rather snorting from behind, and  
giving it a curious appearance. Making  
one think of one of those turkeys. We  
saw a large "water spout" too. It  
looked like a round black tube, extending  
from the clouds to within a short distance  
of the water, when there was a great commotion.  
The water rising in rivets, and byronet  
says it is driven right up into the clouds.  
and sometimes is very dangerous; when  
near a ship the whirlwind would  
take the masts out and the deluge  
of water sink the ship. Lat 19:40 Lon 104:40

Thursday Jan 19<sup>th</sup> Fine strong wind all day  
have been going ten or eleven knots. Am really  
quite interested in Mr Hall's history, & that is,  
when I am allowed to read, the book most  
commonly being snatched out of my hand, as  
it is the history of the land where we are going,  
and it will be doubly interesting to visit Lima  
and the surrounding country. I wish I could  
see some old ruins of the "Inka" times. Probably  
there are none extant. Lat 17:12 Lon 105:07.

<sup>Friday</sup> Jan 20<sup>th</sup> A warm lifeless day. We are fast-  
nearing the equator & hope to be in San Francisco  
four weeks from today. How short a time to look  
forward to compared with the fourteen weeks  
we have been aboard ship. Countless weeks  
out of the world - how odd it does seem! our  
dear ship "Herald" has brought us safely thus



and she is skimming through the water like a bird. Great little tug. I don't know. I look in for. We are longing to see a ship. have not seen a sail for weeks. where can they all be?  
 Sat 6:50 Mon 11:2.

Sunday Jan 23<sup>rd</sup> At last two chand anjoudhui. We are all I were obliged to study out in the pilot house. The sailors are still painting ship. I go around a din; cuais Sam; il me donne une line par Madame "Holmes" et les lions. "d'annon" sont pas interessantes a moi, sucon.  
 Sat 3:45 Mon 12:00

Tuesday Jan 24<sup>th</sup> We passed the equator again this afternoon at half past three being one hundred and one days out. We all rushed out and minutely observed the heavens & the sea. While a beautiful rainbow appeared in the clouds and we admired the arch in the sky. far more than the line, we so ardently desired to see. We thought it such a pretty idea that we should see it just at that time Sat 0:30 Mon 11:2.

Wednesday Jan 25<sup>th</sup> I never spent such a warm day in January before that is certain. I appeared this afternoon as the "pink of propriety" Emma says. that is, arrayed in a muslin robe of that charming hue. The sleeping arrangements this evening seemed like a packing hot night at the cold Spring Brook house, when we slept in every room in the house, in the short space of fifteen minutes - inasmuch as Mattie and Jane slept under the cool breeze of the skylight, and I must say



also, under a good smart shower. Lat 2:05  
 Lon 114-40

Thursday Jan 26<sup>th</sup> The heat increases, and added to a drizzling shower every half hour, firing in the "daddynus" between the trades, it is a little unpleasant. Lat 4:35 Lon 115:15

Friday Jan 27<sup>th</sup> N. E. Trades, fine and strong. I was reading on the upper deck this afternoon when the chair in which I was sitting, tipped over backwards and let me down on the deck. I immediately glanced at the man at the wheel, to see if he observed my downfall, but he was gazing intently into the heavens, apparently oblivious to all things passing there below, but such was the crash, it awoke the baby in the cabin.

Saturday Jan 29<sup>th</sup> Wrote to Ma & Addie, nearly finishing their long letters. The day has seemed so pleasant and passed very quickly. Mr Griffin entertained Emma and me a long time this evening with accounts of life in Lat 1st Lon 109:40

Sunday Jan 31<sup>st</sup> The wind has wholly died out, and we have been lying perfectly still for two hours under a boiling hot sun. Temperature in the cabin 200° & on deck 202 and two men have been shoveling the deck, until powder ran out of the heels of their boots, and the nervous system of the community was totally deranged. Lat 107:55 Lon 119:40

Wednesday Feb 1<sup>st</sup> We had no business candy today and each individual appeared with mouths full, and hands sticky, even the cook indulged in sucking (something)



sticks and laid them on the house to harden, where it is thought they will receive a pernet flavor -  
 Lat 118:30 Lon 119:55

Friday Feb 3<sup>rd</sup> From the quiet calm of yesterday we rushed into a moderate gale, and today the sudden change made us all feel very uncomfortable. The Chapwoods kept their ropes all day. A bark in sight this afternoon from the other way -

Saturday Feb 6<sup>th</sup> Perfectly calm all day yesterday, and today Bitternial. We have only made five miles of nothing in forty four hours. We saw a whale jump near the ship today, real plain too. He kicked right out of the water and looked very black and grimely. Lat 22:40 Lon 120:15

Sunday Feb 7<sup>th</sup> The calm is over. A nice little breeze springing up last evening, and it seems now to be moving along once more. The air begins to feel cool again. Lat 24:20 Lon 121:45

Monday Feb 10<sup>th</sup> Cleaned the after cabin today, fairly traded in engine and rubbish, but it looks very nice now. Then Mattie and I rubbed the sides over so that it might adorn its station on the side board while in port - and we hope on state occasions to put it in action over on the tea table; altho' I am a little inclined to believe that I discerned two small holes in the milk pail. Full moon this eve: it was heavenly on deck; nothing was wanting but the communion of a



kindred, coal., to make the scene perfect.  
 Sat 29:30 Am 124:40

<sup>Sunday</sup> Feb 12<sup>th</sup> We trust this is the last Sunday  
 at sea. Hope this week to be in San Francisco  
 and revel in the society of "bar pullers" &  
 "grape eaters". My conscience is rather ill  
 at ease for reading Shakespeare most  
 of the afternoon. I fear we are getting  
 rather demoralized. Jane has been  
 bringing in a hammock which Mr  
 Griffin rigged for her on the main deck.  
 Sat 32. Am 125:40

Thursday Feb 16<sup>th</sup> A fair wind and  
 less fog will bring us in sight of land  
 tonight. The former we have, & the latter  
 also. Who can tell the joy of saying,  
 tomorrow we shall see horses and  
 land, and objects belonging to this world,  
 and in my joy I have kept the ink  
 bottle on the hinge. Oh day quickly,  
 before daylight comes. Sat 36:35 Am 124:62

P.S. at half past six we made Larned  
 light, and in the evening saw off blue  
 lights and rockets, hoping to bring  
 a pilot to us. But at the time of  
 my returning we saw no signs of one.  
 Feb 17<sup>th</sup> The pilot came on board this  
 morning bright and early, but as the  
 wind was adverse, we did not go  
 through the "Golden Gate" until after  
 dinner. We enjoyed it then fully, altho  
 it was a little chilly on deck. The green  
 hills were in themselves a feast, and  
 it was splendid to see the fresher



dashing against the rocks, and roaring  
 like a Cataract. Almost before we  
 were in sight of San Francisco, small  
 boats came out to us with miserable  
 looking men in them, to offer our poor  
 sailors a home, and when we dropped  
 anchor, the ship was over flowing  
 with them - miserable men, with  
 hands in pockets and important air -  
 I wanted to boast them over the side.  
 We are to remain at anchor here in  
 the bay until the gun powder is  
 discharged. We cannot see the City  
 proper yet, but have a good view of  
 "Telegraph Hill", and rather poor looking  
 houses on it, to be sure. And Goat  
 Island and the hills opposite. It  
 seems so odd to have a city so  
 in here. The Stinson brought us some  
 apples which tasted elegant. Sylvest  
 went ashore this afternoon and returned  
 with our letters - not all of them, and a bag  
 of apples, pears, oranges & peanuts. Oh how  
 nice it seems to be perfectly still. Emma  
 had a call from a gentleman's friend who  
 brought her twenty letters.

Sat Feb 18<sup>th</sup>. Commenced with a  
 breakfast and rain, but Sylvest  
 has gone ashore again and hope he will  
 bring letters from "Ma" & Addie. P. M.  
 Sylvest brought me such a treat. I  
 had eight or nine letters, but none  
 from Addie or Annie. I don't know  
 what it means. Julia was as shy-



as her own dear self, and I enjoyed it so much and dear "Mae" too.

Sunday Feb 19<sup>th</sup> I am sorry to say we were obliged to discharge the powder today, as it was so rough yesterday that the mail could not come along side, and we hauled into dock late this afternoon. Our last evening with our fellow voyagers was very pleasant.

Emma & I had our last long talk walking deck, and in the evening we ended with a cup of ginger tea all around. Monday Feb 20<sup>th</sup> A fine bright morning and the passengers have gone. Mr Hapgood departed in a coach & two to the Metropolitan House, and Miss Edmonds walked off "a la yfety" with a large colored shawl on her arm, two umbrellas in her hand, large rubbers, one large <sup>pair</sup> leather shoes, and the blue ribbon to her hat waving an adieu, not to mention the green plaid dress and the blue glass breast pin. But she again made her appearance about noon with a more gone expression on her countenance, as her friends had moved to the "States", so she was obliged to journey on to Sacramento. Poor girl, I felt so sorry for her. How glad I am that I am not in her place. Mr & Mrs Buckingham called this afternoon and invited us up to the house this week, and took Jane home with them. This evening we went to the Academy of music, a very fine building and



reminded me of Brooklyn, although it is not quite as handsome as that, and heard Wombold sing. I enjoyed it very much, and after a nice dinner we returned to the ship. Walking on land, is a fine thing after being at sea for a few months.

Tuesday Feb 21<sup>st</sup> Mattie and I went out shopping this afternoon & promenaded in Montgomery street, and had glimpses of the Auctions - & such expenses too. We saw everything, from thick Winter dresses and furs, to light gossamers and silk laces, and people of all nations. The Chinamen amused us much with their very long queues, and funny looking feet. Wed Feb 22<sup>nd</sup> Buckingham's birthday was celebrated in the city by the military parades and reviewing of the troops by the Governor of the State. But as we expected, Miss Cornet took from Oakland came to visit us, and we did not see it. Ned Hastings dined with us and in the afternoon we all went up to Mrs Buckingham's and spent the night. Had a very nice time indeed. They are very hospitable and entertained us well.

Thursday Feb 23<sup>rd</sup> We returned to the ship this morning, and were glad to get home again. I made ready my room, which has been painted and looks as fresh as ever. Capt



Scott dined with us and invited us  
 to take a drive in the afternoon. We accepted  
 and went in fine style, and I must  
 enjoyed our better. We went by way  
 of "Cone Mountain", passed the Catholic  
 Cemetery where every grave has a  
 white cross on it, giving it such a  
 singular appearance. From there  
 to the "Cliff House". We got out and  
 seated ourselves on the piazza to enjoy  
 the view. We could see many miles  
 out to sea. Watched the "David Crockett"  
 sailing away, and more interesting  
 still the rocks just under the cliffs  
 were covered with sea lions, huge lazy  
 animals, all stretched out, sunning  
 themselves - barking like dogs, having  
 domestic squabbles, pushing each  
 other into the water, and spading  
 themselves generally agreeable. We  
 then had a drive on the track, where  
 the breakers broke and dashed over  
 our horses feet. Then through the  
 country, where the fields were all  
 green with the growing wheat - on the  
 most delightful road - as hard as  
 flint, and stopped again at the  
 Millers a great resort for the people  
 in the summer time, and furnished  
 with means for entertainment. Bowling  
 alleys, target shooting, swimming, croquet  
 horses, and sleighs on the revolving  
 gimckle. Took a ride with Capt  
 Scott in the motion house - We certainly



had the best time yet. All that is wanting in San Francisco is the trees, with the exception of the shrubs at the "Willows" we didn't see a single one in all our drive, and when we were on the high land looking down on the city, it seemed so desolate. The houses just stuck down in the sand with nothing to relieve the eye but the green hills of Oakland across the Bay. Spent the evening at Capt Buckingham's.

Friday Feb 24<sup>th</sup>. Mrs Buckingham called on me this afternoon and we went around the city to see the principal stores. Just through the markets and made a tour of observation, as it were. When I got back to the ship, found Matias friend Miss Lemstick there, and in the evening we all went to the theatre, to see Miss Matilda Heron in her character of Cornelia. I don't like her a bit - in her most affecting scenes I felt like being taken with a fit of laughter. Miss Lemstick was so amused at seeing a lady in tears, and using her handkerchief free she chuckled out loud, and it sounded so much like Julia, I almost followed suit.

Sat Feb 25<sup>th</sup>. Mrs Coler & little girl called on us this morning, and gave us pressing invitations to visit them. They live just out of the city in splendid style. Mr Coler is just my ideal of a gentleman.



was out shopping all the afternoon, as we are both almost sick with colds. I spent the morning on board of the ship and retired early.

Sunday Feb 26<sup>th</sup>. We spent the day so quietly and happily on board ship. I had had colds and did not go out, but just rested. In the evening called on Capt Baker over to the Thatcher Wagon and had a very pleasant call too. I like him so much.

Monday Feb 27<sup>th</sup>

Capt Scott called on us this morning and found us packing out our collars and handkerchiefs. But we had a very cheerful time with him. This afternoon we had a walking tour in the city.

Tue March 8<sup>th</sup>. A long blank in my journal but I have not had an opportunity to write a word. Mrs Buckingham has been so kind in taking me around the city, and Wednesday evening last, I went with her to a "sociable", where we had a very nice time and a good tea. Spending the night with her. Thursday morning we had a long walk to see the fine residences around the city. Friday we all went up to the Buckingham house to see the ship was ready for sea. Went to a party in the evening, although it rained some, and such a pleasant



chance as we had. Oh dear! how I enjoyed it, and I had a nice little ham & Co. Carter by name, with most delicious eyes. When we arrived home found Cytrat coughing most alarmingly, so dear Mrs B & I rambled around the house, preparing vinegar & molasses & killing oil out of the Baker tumbles, and having a merry time until it was quite late.

On March 4<sup>th</sup> President Lincoln sat down again in the "great chair". The day was celebrated here, by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, and a general illumination in the evening. We staid in the house very quietly. I amused myself in rumaging Mrs B's bureau drawers, and found the loveliest diamond earrings - fifty in each one. They were a perfect flash of light. They formerly belonged to her mother. Besides numerous diamond rings and pins. In the evening we went to Starr King's Church as it was the anniversary of his death, and listened to appropriate remarks from the pastor, and members of the congregation. After we had partaken of our usual quantity of lager beer and sponge cake, we "vamosed" - Sunday - I attended church, but in the evening our baby was quite sick and we were obliged to see a physician. Monday eve. I attended a concert with Mrs Buckingham



and heard some fine singing, and Monday morning Mr Cagne back to our home again, and here we are, all ready to go to sea again. Doc & baby had each a present of a silver cup, from the Stordor. Mattie & I had coats, raffles, wine, & fresh butter to cheer us on our way. Our sailors are all strangers, except the mates, Williams & Hallett. Mr Peterson the first mate is as polite as a renal fish - looks, & his accent slightly German. After conversation I judge him to be Norwegian.

Thursday March 9<sup>th</sup>. We gave a long lingering look on the shores of Longsight, Carlskrona, & Goat Island, and passed quietly out of the bay thro' the Gate into the broad ocean once more. We felt real sad when we parted from Capt Buckingham, especially when we thought we should probably never see San Francisco again. But we soon cheered up, and before night were as happy as could be. Lat 35° 30' N <sup>1/25</sup> 1/2

Friday March 10<sup>th</sup>. The day began so pleasantly; we had such pleasant sailing, we were so free to laugh and to sing. The cabin boy amuses our baby and makes himself useful.

Saturday March 20<sup>th</sup>. I had made a private arrangement with myself to discontinue my log while at sea, but the matter reaching the public ear was ~~at~~ much demanded, and set



to writing again. So I must retrospect a little, and say the last week has been a remarkably pleasant one. Fine weather and a good breeze. We have run nineteen hundred miles since my last date. We have arrived to two "raggles" in the cabin. A hammock is swung directly in the center and by its constant swaying to and fro, has an effect similar to sea sickness on our stomachs. Two stables drinks in the floor to permit said swaying, four regular toe catches. The other "Calabooter surprises" is a wind sail conveyed from the sky sail yard thro' the skylight, and blows a fine gust into the face of the hammock. Elber. Captain is at the head of the "raggle" order. We had a wacking spree today, and raised the temperature of the lower apartments so high, mates and men had to rush on deck to breathe. Mr. Peterson gave me some Chinese curiosities this evening. He remains agreeable. I rise every morning at half past five take a bath, and translate. Lunch can come before breakfast at 10:30 am 10:40. And in the North East Trades, yesterday March 21<sup>st</sup> hotter than a fiery furnace, and ironed in the faggins. Had a very light breeze today in Trades. During the night was sick, this afternoon, Mr. Peterson & I shared the duties of course. The chasing holes in the two compartments and then I took a deadly



Sonder today and tonight. I would have  
a nice little hat if it, but like  
Eddies luck, it overboard all over the  
medicine chest. I have my dress, not  
mentioning a goodly quantity in the  
cabin drawer. They belong to me.  
Lat 12:05 Lon 107:35

Wed March 22<sup>nd</sup> All fast - Hancock  
Channel. The only place one can get a  
breath of air is to stand with your head  
up in the wind conductor. Chloas had  
dress is the liveliest thing around -  
the heat does not seem to depress  
it. It turns up everywhere and cousin  
Mattie slept on it last night. L. 10:55 L. 10:27

Thursday March 23<sup>rd</sup> We can only sport  
white socks and muslin shirts. Some  
times I was put modestly to the  
blush. The prevalent opinion is that I  
am getting very indolent, but it suffices  
me to see Mattie arriving on such  
stuffy dresses. Mr Peterson gave me  
a short sketch of his life this afternoon.  
It seems he is of high birth. His  
father was an Admiral, his mother  
a Countess of the old Norwegian family of  
Parker. And his sister a Judge of law  
in the Court of London & Norway. Some  
times a companion to the Eden Dancers.  
He has been often at Court and seen  
much of high life. Was admitted into  
society when old enough to wear a  
long haired coat, and received a  
formal introduction to the family.



party in his father's house. His sister  
is married to a Chamberlain. His  
father lost his position thro' political  
enemies which killed him, and his  
young man took up his Lieutenantcy  
in the Navy, and refused to serve a  
Country that had treated his father  
ill. I believe that is all of importance  
then communicated. Lat 8:10 Lon 103:34

Sat March 25<sup>th</sup> Sylvest was unexpectedly  
found this afternoon with baby in arms by  
the chain popping out from under him, which  
Mattie & me laugh very heartily - although  
he thought it no joke! I believe there are  
happy spirits and sweet influences around  
us. We are so peaceful & contented. L. 4:40 L. 10

Monday March 24<sup>th</sup> We have had a calm  
only made fifteen miles in the last  
twenty four hours and the hot weather holds  
on remarkably. Have moving fires in the  
pilot house. Mr Peterson brings up his  
work, and as Mattie says we are getting  
too intimate. I learned to tie a Sailors

Knit this eve, and make says 3 very rope  
and on the ship will be fagged out for  
my experiments in bag line. Mattie had  
a nice custard pie for tea. I walked  
deck until one o'clock and retired to rest  
Lat 3:38 Lon 103:50

Tuesday March 26<sup>th</sup> We learned the Luis  
arrived last eve and may now be  
for a bell of breezy weather. One of the  
sailors has gone for a horse this morning  
and we had some him for dinner. Lat



tasted some like fig. We have now seen  
 the southeast trades in fact he north  
 star a few days ago, and this evening  
 saw the Southern cross very distinctly.  
 A lovely evening. I learned the name  
 of some of the stars, we took a stroll  
 down in the lower hold after tea, and  
 walked on the ballast, but what with  
 tumbling over large stones in the dark, &  
 rolling my clippers, and perspiration coming  
 down our fair cheeks, we were glad to  
 get back on deck. Lat 02:5 Lon 104:30.

Wed March 29<sup>th</sup>. We passed the equator again  
 this afternoon for the third time. A school  
 of porpoises was around the ship today,  
 and they gambolled well. Seemed to  
 be having a game of "Catch me if you can".  
 Jimmie suggested that they should say  
 "ma. ma. ma. ma. ma. ma. ma. ma." etc. & know  
 who should hit it. Mattie & I wheeled  
 each other around deck this afternoon  
 in the baby's go cart, at least I wheeled  
 her, but she of course began by tipping  
 me over backwards, and when I saw her  
 again, her heels were just going 'thw'  
 the pilot house door, and Mr Peterson  
 kindly helped me up. Lat 0:38 N Lon 106:05  
 Crossed the line in 106:30.

Sunday March 30<sup>th</sup>. We have directed ourselves  
 today in plaguing the Captain and made  
 remarks on his personal appearance, until  
 he was and involved himself in his  
 great coat and walked for ten minutes.  
 The poor crew has to remain to see



in everything, and fondly thinks he some-  
times has his own way. Clear little Colly  
is telling so many infantile jokes. Tries to  
entertain us by whistling, and his little  
puckered up mouth looks so comical. Then  
follows a darting out of his tongue which  
quite takes us down. Cousin Mattie informs  
me that she has just been taken with a  
hasty budding quickstep. We have beautiful  
moonlight evenings now and after the  
small fry are a-bed we have pleasant  
chats out bed. Lat 110:06 Lon 107:23.

-Friday March 31<sup>st</sup> Showery & a heavy sea.  
All goes on harmoniously Lat 3:00 S. Lon 108:42.  
Lat April Fool day. But we did not take  
advantage of it. I never could be successful  
in that kind of joke and did not think it  
best to try my luck. I am becoming  
interested in Navigation. Worked out our  
longitude myself today by Larrallatitudes.  
Le com. m'a dit trop tarder, mais il est  
si bon et si gentil, et il me fait grand coup  
que j'ai je faire, ah moi! je suis toujours  
dans la peine avec affaires du com.  
Lat 5:00 Lon 110:15

Sunday April 2<sup>nd</sup> Fine strong trades, are  
going along about eight knots. rather difficult  
to walk decks. Clothes fly up a la balloon.  
We sigh over our cruise about Sunday but  
after reading a long time we get tired  
of sitting still, and tired of doing nothing.  
And always end in eating and drinking.  
The Captain had a long conversation  
on navigation, which I enjoyed very



Much this evening. Lat 7:35 - Lon 110:35 -  
 Monday April 3<sup>rd</sup> Had the ill luck to be  
 Philopend bright & early this morning spent a  
 pleasant evening on the pilot house hearing  
 Conins Mattie telling about Fabra stories.  
 Lat 10:40 Lon 112:00

Tuesday April 4<sup>th</sup> We are now in the latitude  
 of Callao - if we only had the right wind  
 we could down run for the longitude. but  
 we will have to go about ten degrees to  
 the southward, and then tack ship back.  
 However we are in no hurry to get there.  
 Clear weather is so kind and gives us  
 each lengthy lectures on the duty of our  
 opposing him our continued and  
 undiminished happiness, in being in  
 his society. As we now embrace and  
 kiss him once in ten minutes regularly.  
 We have set some dog watches rising today  
 in the full expectation that they will prove  
 regular dog eye balls. Lat 13:50 Lon 112:18.  
 Wed April 5<sup>th</sup> Dog watches all fixed  
 just one half a bushel of them by  
 means, and they resemble open  
 "quahangs" so perfectly that we are  
 afraid to put our hands into the jar to  
 get one. In fear of being snatched  
 at. Look some business in tying knots  
 and grammar this afternoon. Sailors  
 were a little amused, to see a  
 lady handle tarred ropes, and  
 giggle accordingly. Steward is sick.  
 Cook ditto, and I have the headache  
 after a pleasant time on deck.



a seductive powder below, retired at two  
 o'clock. Lat 16:20 Lon 111:40

Sunday April 7<sup>th</sup>. A windless day, but  
 clear & bright and such evenings, they  
 are really heavenly. The Standard took  
 a luncheon observation this afternoon & I  
 a luncheon one this evening. Mr Peterson tells  
 me that he is personally acquainted with  
 Bridging Barnes. She lives two doors  
 from them at home, and he remembers  
 going into her house one day and peeping  
 into the library where she was sitting,  
 with a large black eel upon her head  
 her head. Thousands of papers scattered  
 over the table, pen & ink all ready to  
 note down her thoughts in these moments  
 of inspiration. She used often to meet  
 her at parties too, when sometimes she  
 would seem to be in a dream the entire  
 evening and scarcely speak a word, and  
 at others dazzlingly brilliant in her  
 conversation and repartee, the life of  
 the entertainment. Lat 20:40 Lon 111:00 W.

Sat April 8<sup>th</sup>. I am going to copy Smalls  
 log for today. hope I shall not be brought  
 to trial for piracy. but here it is - "light  
 breeze from South South East - fine weather  
 with a long smoky swell." Lat 22:02 Lon 111.

Sunday Apr 9<sup>th</sup>. Very warm, very calm, &  
 I have been sitting out by the after hatch  
 two hours in deck chair conversation with  
 Monsieur Peterson - don't feel very well,  
 think the warm weather affected me  
 all unpleasantly. Lat 22:32. Lon 111:00



Monday April 10<sup>th</sup> Run thirty miles distance  
indisposition prevailing. Hammock Clevers  
numerous, and nothing to note  
Lat 24:12 Lon 110:12.

Tuesday April 11<sup>th</sup> Made Easter Island  
this morning at nine o'clock thirty miles  
distant and by one o'clock it was distinctly  
visible. The southern part is a high bluff.  
I of course discovered a long strand of  
cotton but Uncle cut me down there by  
telling me it was caught but sand,  
as cotton don't usually grow in those  
warm latitudes. Lat 27:56 Lon 107:40

Wed April 12<sup>th</sup> Very light breeze from  
East by North. (U. P.'s child being dead  
and fine weather. I was invited to a  
quilting today. indeed I received  
many printed invitations - written  
and oral, and as a great inducement  
was offered a supply of perfumery,  
sight blooming candles, free of charge,  
and of course I then accepted. - In  
half an hour pleasant quilting, by  
three o'clock was all through -  
Lat 29:00 Lon 108:45

Thursday April 13<sup>th</sup> Mr Peterson was leaning  
over the rail this morning, watching the sailors  
paint, when he lost his balance, and fell  
onboard. Uncle threw him a rope, and he  
quickly made his way back again. P.S. he  
went over after his hat. Lat 29:50 Lon 109:00

Friday April 14<sup>th</sup> We are having the worst  
kind of luck, and in for a long passage, after  
getting through with the South East Trades and



chaldryans, we have now struck a strong S. E. wind, and are obliged to make a S. W. B. S. course instead of going east, as we so much wish to do. Hence I hope the "Hatchu Mayom" won't let us this time. Lat 31:00 Lon 110:00.

Saturday April 15<sup>th</sup>. Fine weather and moderate easterly breezes. Had some splendid "Election cake" today. It tasted just like home. Lat 32:15 Lon 109:15.

Sunday April 16<sup>th</sup>. We are happy to notice an appearance of a change of wind to the N. W. We are already to shout "three cheers for Callao". Beautiful day, warm and pleasant. Spent most of the evening on deck talking with ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> about his own hospitable country - where every house is open to strangers, & public rooms are scarcely needed - and the customs, manners and habits of the simple Peruvian peasantry. Lat 33:5 Lon 108:4.

Monday April 17<sup>th</sup>. Washing day, and showery - all things calm and serene with a fine breeze. Lat 33:00 Lon 106:15.

Tuesday April 18<sup>th</sup>. The anniversary of Jones' birthday. The only thing we can do in its honor is to eat "Election cake" and suspend school duties. We have a strong wind today, amazing tides, and roll amazingly. I was sent flying across the deck before breakfast, and had an evolution in the cabin directly after. It is a trying day for the poor steward, who stumbles, as it were, all day long. He floors the biscuit this morning the first thing. Lat 31:54 Lon 98:35. Distance run, 210 miles.

Thursday April 20<sup>th</sup>. Nous avons malle de coeur, - aujourd'hui, c'est forcée, nous avons perdu le



conference and took the records. Lat 31:30 Lon 93:50  
distance run - 255 miles -

Today April 21<sup>st</sup> all this day, light breeze  
& fine weather Lat 30:00 Lon 90:40 distance run -  
175 miles. Lat April 22<sup>nd</sup>. I have run out  
of quinine at this date, and spend my time, very  
sympathetically to myself, in translating French, and  
reading history. I am heartily through with  
the second volume of Macaulay's 'History of  
England', and find it very interesting.  
In my school days I did not fancy it as a  
study, but I find as I grow older, my taste  
inclines more to solid reading, and light  
literature begins to lose its charm. Les  
ornements de cette jour, je n'oublierai pas.  
Comment savons nous qui est votre ami?  
je suis étroitement convaincu. Lat 27:55 Lon 86:25.

Distance 170 miles - Sunday April 23<sup>rd</sup> -  
Not very pleasant, there is a very heavy  
sea on land imagination is very difficult.  
I perceive my log is getting uninteresting.  
But after being out so long, one day seems  
just like another. We hope now to be down in  
port again, when I trust my ideas will get  
a brightening up. Lat 25:40 Lon 86:58, distance  
160 miles.

Monday April 24<sup>th</sup>. Sea leaps up to that degree  
that we cannot attend to duties usually assigned  
to Monday morning, and spend the day in the pilot-  
house. Tried to walk deck this evening and was  
"lulled" several times. Lat 23:15 Lon 85:38 -  
distance 165 miles -

Tuesday April 25<sup>th</sup> Dailer "Charlie" is put  
to washing some of the clothes today. Weather



and I had a good laugh, over a mistake in some of the articles sent out to him. He bends over the tub, and rups away like any old woman. We saw a bark this morning quite near us, and she really looked beautiful to eyes that have not seen a sail since leaving Trisco. She was under topsails, and we had fore & main to gallant sails set. Lat 20:30 Lon 82:45. Distance 230 miles.

Wed April 26<sup>th</sup> Washing and brewing, wind blowing, ship rolling, and iron hanging out for clothes, our shirts fly up to the height of our nose. The sailors are chucking, the tubs are heaving, and in ten cases out of nine, Uncle Frankt some-thing stronger to drink than wine - to rub up his spirits. (blank space) dedicated to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Lat 17:35 Lon 80:45. Distance 200 miles.

Thursday April 27<sup>th</sup> 1865. Now is the time to chuck up our spirits, although I feel that this log is a chain on my intellectual faculties, and think it would eventually exhaust me, if I were not relieved by a few days of regaling in port. By tomorrow noon - we hope to be gazing on the Peruvian shore, and while we feast our eyes on the pleasant land, to feast our appetites on the goodly fruits at the same time. Lat 14:35 Lon 78:40 Dis 205 miles.

Friday April 28<sup>th</sup> We opened our eyes this morning on San Lorenzo Island, and at eleven o'clock dropped anchor in the bay. The land of the Pizarro is before us. We can just see the spires of Lima's favorite city.



Lima, in the distance. We are anxious to go ashore,  
 but do not expect to do so before tomorrow. A  
 "Lima boat" came alongside this afternoon, and  
 Mr Peterson kindly purchased some fruit for  
 us. Well returned to us this morning loaded  
 with all kinds - Bananas, oranges, grapes,  
 guavas, jamaicas, and some unpronounced  
 names. Then a fine young gentleman came  
 off with him and made a very pleasant  
 call. Mattie & I received letters from "Ma"  
 only, and we have the glorious news that  
 Richmond is taken by our own "Union forces"  
 April 30<sup>th</sup>. We arose this morning at  
 half past five. Children & all, and made  
 ready to go to market in Callao. Mr  
 Purdy came for us, and after a fifteen  
 minutes row we landed among the natives -  
 donkeys & babies. The market is a succession  
 of native women with children in arms, sitting  
 Turkish style on a piece of cloth, with fruit  
 and wares spread around. Also some  
 do have tables, but it is all in the open  
 air with perhaps an awning spread  
 overhead. All is hubbub & tumult. Women  
 and men chatting in Spanish. Babies crying,  
 chickens & live stock cackling, which by  
 the way, are tied by the feet and left  
 directly in the path, so that you can congratulate  
 yourself when you are so successful as to clear  
 them all when you take a step. The women  
 are usually dressed in gay calicos, cut low  
 in the neck, and white chemises worn with  
 them. Their long black hair is braided in two  
 braids and left to wander down their back -



enormous hoops and long trails, which they  
 wear under any circumstances, lift from the  
 ground. A black shawl thrown over the head  
 and gracefully tossed over the left shoulder,  
 nearly concealing the face, completes the costume.  
 The market women who do not hesitate to  
 display their charms, and ignore the shawl.  
 The babies are considered well dressed  
 if they only can be privileged to wear a  
 broad wide collar. Mattie & I laughed long  
 and loud over very long pantallets and  
 ridiculous customs. A young miss enjoyed  
 herself so much with three white dainties  
 about under her nose. Some were cooking  
 after the gipsy style, the fire built right under  
 the pot, in which funny looking edibles were  
 boiling, in multitudes of fat, and made  
 me feel scarce to look at. We wandered  
 around, bought fruit and vegetables, and  
 came back to breakfast at nine o'clock.  
 Mr Parley dined with us and at two o'clock  
 we visited the Spanish frigate lying near  
 us. It is a very large vessel, carries six  
 hundred men & forty guns. Two young  
 lieutenants & a "chick" escorted us around.  
 Everything was in fine order and the Admiral's  
 apartments were fitted up beautifully. I  
 just wanted to go there and keep house. In his  
 private parlors were two beautiful engravings  
 of the King & Queen of Spain. The officers too  
 had a very nice mess room. The tables were  
 ornamented with lovely flowers, and the nice  
 lieutenant kindly selected a sweet little pink  
 rose and presented me. I endeavored to



dress it, on arriving home, in honor of the  
 gun - but I am inclined to think that it  
 has dropped a second. The poor little "Middy"  
 could speak nothing but French, so I conversed  
 with him quite effectually. There is a  
 band on board and the music is -  
 delightful when we hear it from our ship -  
 uncle, Mr Perley & I went ashore then, and  
 called on the Lomax family. They live in  
 very nice style, large airy rooms all on  
 one floor, and furnished very much like  
 our own houses at home.

Monday May 1<sup>st</sup> I went ashore again this  
 morning expecting to go shopping, but my company  
 failed me, so I spent my time in Mr Grace's  
 apartments, and in his office, and finally  
 wandered off by myself a bit to see Lealao.  
 The houses look very singular to us, seldom  
 higher than one story, and built of clay or plaster.  
 Yet there is something attractive about the better  
 class of them, there is a kind of inner court open  
 to the street, and paved with round stones set  
 in diverse fancy figures and shapes, flowers in  
 pots are blossoming & blooming while you  
 can see right through into the apartments.  
 Sometimes there are lace curtains looked up  
 on each side of the opening, but it seems so  
 pleasant to cut into the houses as you pass  
 along. - I think they cannot be troubled with  
 thieves in these regions. I cannot go to China  
 until our return, as the ship sails tonight.  
 Mr Grace, Perley, & Emmanuel came out  
 to bid us good bye - We had a  
 little song, they presented us each with



immense Panama hats, just such as the  
 natives (Momsu) wear here, to keep the sun  
 from our complexions while off fishing.  
 They left us, and at eight o'clock we were  
 off for Chincha Islands.

### Chincha Islands.

May 5<sup>th</sup>, 1865. I am twenty two years old  
 today. I little thought a year ago that I  
 should be now in foreign lands, or foreign  
 islands, as we arrived here yesterday, after  
 a two days & a half passage. I went  
 ashore this morning with a mule to market  
 and saw the same Momsu and babies as  
 at Callao, they came down by foot, I know.  
 The row out to the shore is delightful in the  
 early morning. The islands are barren,  
 nothing to be seen but guano and rock, &  
 the rock is so soft, that the water gradually  
 washes it away underneath, and forms  
 immense caves, which I have an ardent  
 desire to explore. It seems as if it might  
 be such a nice place for stalactites &  
 stalagmites. It is so pleasant on board  
 ship today. The awning is spread so to  
 cover almost all of the quarter, and in  
 the cabin it seems like a summer day  
 at home, when the house is clean and  
 sweet, and the curtains are down and  
 the room darkened to keep it cool.  
 Tuesday May 9<sup>th</sup>. Cousin Mattie is  
 thirty one years old today. An Peterson  
 presented her with a nice photograph  
 album. We hauled into the fleet  
 this morning. We were awakened



by daylight - by the sailors singing, and were quite distracted with them by breakfast time - Two ships crews joined to ours "chanting" made a volume of sound quite overpowering - We have received a number of calls from ladies & gentlemen in the last three days - have returned none as yet.

Sat May 13<sup>th</sup>. Uncle & I went out on a fishing excursion this morning - started at six o'clock, & went to many fishing grounds, but caught only two fish. There was too much surf on it - framed and roared and we rocked quite too hard for an empty stomach, but that I don't care nothing about. We saw a pelican, with his long bill, twice the length of his body, & big strong, perched on a high cliff, and he looked as if he had just hopped out of "Maudie's Geography" - This afternoon we took a short walk around North island. Called on Mrs Leach till in the "Chatham". We have been out calling almost every afternoon this week. Spent one evening with Capt Foster, & had a real nice time - Ship H. B. Minnow - We had some good old fashioned Baybrook muscles for dinner - they were equal to a sea voyage home -

Sunday May 14<sup>th</sup>. We dined with Capt Foster in company with Capt Spawns family. Had a splendid dinner - Turkey, chicken & roast beef, all fine.



of vegetables, and all kinds of dessert. At four o'clock we went on board the boat Adams to church. Remond and Murphy of Callao officiated, and we had a very fine discourse. There were about twenty ladies present and a large number of Captains. We endeavored to sing "Cald Rendred" without music or books, and although the clergyman lined it off to us, we did not succeed very well.

May 19<sup>th</sup> Friday - I cannot find time to write or sew. This week has been a real stir-a-bout, we have either been out or had company every day. Mr. Mrs. & Miss Sparrow spent one afternoon with us. Capt & Mrs Burnell one morning, besides numberless calls. I have been fishing twice, once caught two fish. This morning had better luck and caught eight. I enjoy the sport so much, usually come home in a drenching condition & I've had a fine Chondor, and fried fish for dinner.

On May 20<sup>th</sup> the Thatcher Magon arrived last evening, had a fifty eight day passage to Callao. So we had her eight days. So not that splendid. Capt Baker breakfasted with us this morning. We were so glad to see him. He seems like one of us. Mrs Campbell & two children spent the day with us. Mrs Pickering & her little lovely son, the afternoon. And that with grooming with a straw, and a lifted finger. Mother & I could with difficulty



repres quiles. Capt Baker then spent the evening with us.

Sunday May 21<sup>st</sup> The news of the assassination of President Lincoln reached us today, by the steamer from Callao. It casts a gloom over everything & we all feel so sad. It was something so unexpected. Every flag in the fleet is at half mast, even the English & French do not hesitate to pay this tribute of respect to our lamented President. It must be a time of mourning with our friends at home. Oh dear! I am glad I was not there at the time. He was shot by J. Wilkes Booth, son of the great actor, at Ford's theatre, Washington April 15<sup>th</sup> 1865. This afternoon we are in company with Capt Foster. Went over to the "Hatterer Dragon" & took tea, and staid until eight o'clock, and had such a pleasant time. Everything since lunch, except hash, I will have that night time.

Sunday May 25<sup>th</sup> We went over to the "Dutroet" to make a call this afternoon, and Mrs Burinell would insist on our spending the afternoon as Mrs Lyons was there. Their cabin is delightful. It is so cheerful & pleasant. But after the gentlemen came aboard, we had a real merry time. Played all sorts of games, in fact which we all heartily enjoyed. Mrs Burinell is an English lady. her manners are very many.



and the entertaining company with so much ease, it is really delightful to visit her. We did not get home until half past ten.

Monday May 29<sup>th</sup>. We called on Mrs. Lonswick today. The ladies arranged a surprise party to Capt York. This afternoon we started at four o'clock, with lunch baskets stowed with all sorts of nice things, and took possession of the "P. G. Blanchard". We set the extension table, and had everything arranged when he came aboard at half past five. We remained in the after cabin, and when he stepped into the dining saloon, we heard him ejaculate "Oh my soul!". When Mrs. Burrill stepped out to welcome him, he was leaning against the cabin, arms folded, and completely bewildered. The Captains all rushed in and we had a high time, and plenty to eat. In the evening we had a little dance out under the awning, singing and joking, & dancing until midnight. I forgot to say that Mr. Peterson left the ship last Saturday at four o'clock.

Tuesday May 31<sup>st</sup>. We spent this evening at Capt Switzers at a musical "soiree" interspersed with social games. Very pleasant - ended until eleven & a half.

Thursday June 1<sup>st</sup>. Mrs. Hynes spent the afternoon with us and we had a call from Capt & Mrs. Edelfelt. She is a sweet little creature only eighteen years old, and speaks our language



as soft. They are both Norwegians. We had a room full of company this evening, a regular party! The doctor brought his flute to practice with me, and we tried "Home again," not only once but twice, and Capt Bursell remarked that the first time, one of his towels was taken right out. We had a fine treat and left late hours.

Friday June 2<sup>nd</sup> Capt Baker & small went on board of the large ship Norway today. She has a splendid cabin and nice accommodations. I would like to go to sea in her. From there we called on Mrs Bickford, where we felt homelike and were glad to get home again. Capt Baker took tea with us, and then we all spent the evening on the Chimes, & had such a jolly time. I laughed until I was ashamed of myself. We are always propounding puzzles that Capt Foster cannot solve, and if I don't grow fat with laughter now, I will just give it up.

Saturday June 3<sup>rd</sup> We called on Mrs Lynde & Mrs Edelfelt this afternoon, then we left small at the large "Mole" and I guided the boat. We roamed around all the afternoon & called on all the ladies, & went back after our gentlemen at tea time. Capt & Mrs Bursell, Capt Jak, John & Leomto spent the evening with us. We are to



have another surprise party at the "Amway"  
next Monday eve.

Monday June 5<sup>th</sup> Capt Bader dined  
with us today on Quercus. He is our  
"rade concern" as it were, pops in at all  
hours. and catches us with hair all on  
ends. and treats me as though I was  
just six years old. My cheeks were red  
for an hour after he left. This evening  
was the very pleasantest one yet. We  
went out to the "Amway" to the party.  
The table looked beautiful, with the  
nice cake, fruit, & delicacies. The rooms  
were all in perfect order. Two stewards  
to obey our order, and everything went  
merrily. After tea, we cleared the tables  
and had the room for playing games,  
after which we danced a long time. Capt  
Bader acted as prompter, and a sailor  
boy as fiddler. It was so pleasant &  
I had such a nice time, I could not  
bear to leave. We ended by singing  
several songs, some instruments. Several  
gentlemen voices were a most kind  
belong fitch, and the duet was  
sweet harmonious. Made me think  
of "Meadow Woods Meeting".

Tuesday June 6<sup>th</sup> Mattie spent the afternoon  
with Mrs. Myers. Capt Bader took tea  
with me, then we went over to the  
"Family Room" to spend the evening.  
The Ringold played beautifully on the  
piano for us. We had several games  
of Euchre and a nice time. We



Heard the signal gun of the steamer, about  
 ten or half, and all went over to the  
 store ship, hoping to get some letters,  
 but having to leave for the dock, we  
 remained here till midnight, dining  
 Congo and leaving for. A ship from  
 San Francisco, brought me letters from  
 Aunt Eliza and the "Jenny" Gardners -  
 Wed June 7<sup>th</sup> Went away round to  
 Cook Island to lunch with Capt  
 Trindlem, on mutual street. The Intrepid  
 is a nice new ship with a pretty  
 cabin, and Capt W. is a fine looking  
 Seadom. There is a chance for me  
 one. We had a host of invited guests  
 this afternoon, and we are so sleepy -  
 after our nights of disappation, could  
 scarcely keep awake to entertain them  
 The Peterson brought me a lovely bouque  
 and it is perfectly refreshing, to see  
 & smell the roses, heliotrope, & pinks -  
 Saturday June 10<sup>th</sup> I spent this  
 afternoon with Mrs Burrill. she gave  
 me some insight into freemasonry  
 We had a pleasant quiet time  
 together in her cozy little cabin. I  
 arranged four specimens. In the  
 evening some of the neighbors came  
 in and we had a smoke party.  
 She lent me some books, & gave me  
 a large pile of magazines for her reading  
 Monday June 12<sup>th</sup> Such a bright &  
 pleasant day. I feel as if we do not  
 half appreciate this delightful climate



where rain storm men comes - such a relief, when making engagements not to have to allow for rain. We started off by night starlight for the "Mimosa" by imitation. When Capt Beasley had everything arranged in fine style for our entertainment. The dining saloon being cleared for dancing, and then the fiddlers, in his "Sweetmeats". We were soon whirling away in Virginia Reel, Quadrilles, polkas, & hornpipes. At eleven o'clock the tables were brought in, and at the stroke of a fairy's wand, filled with tempting edibles, to which our ladies did justice, with honey & all. The waiter played the agreeable, and addressed me affectionately as "my dear", & received my solicitations for my well being. After refreshments we had dance no 2, singing & playing, and taking it altogether it was the nicest time we had had yet. We did not leave until two o'clock. I danced every set, & Capt Baker too. He was the youngest man there by long odds & indeed the most fun. We are invited aboard the store ship to a party next Wednesday.

Thursday June 15<sup>th</sup> Capt Beasley was taken sick Tuesday, so our party was deferred until next week. Yesterday we made calls and then proceeded on shore to take up some shopping. We indulged in some ribbon & fruit and returned on shipboard, & in the evening made Mrs. Smith a visit. Capt Baker has been here



troubling us all the morning. I have been  
 "killed" & "wounded" times without number,  
 cursed and kissed in the interludes, in  
 spite of any objections that I might cherish  
 to the proceeding. I have been in the  
 morning arrangements this morn. - it is  
 very fascinating work. Like it much.  
 Tuesday June 20<sup>th</sup>. Since I last wrote,  
 we have been the gayest & the gay. Friday  
 evening we attended a party on board  
 of the store ship, all the ladies & gentlemen  
 in the fleet were present. The upper deck  
 was "crowded" in for dancing, and although  
 the floor was slightly pitchy and rough, we  
 had a nice dance. Mrs English lady made  
 a fine appearance in yoked silk dress, very  
 short in the skirt, and large hoops that  
 bounced up, every step. Mr Pick's limbs  
 too were as lively as a "jumping jack".  
 Capt Edelfelt & I had such a polka -  
 perfectly delightful. - We whirled without stopping  
 to breathe for fifteen minutes, and I believe I  
 did not miss a dance the entire evening.  
 Capt Barclay was not able to be here  
 and we missed him so much. Mr Kirtley  
 had a nice supper for us, and after singing,  
 and another dance two or three times over,  
 we returned home about two o'clock. Sat  
 morning we went to the farewell breakfast  
 on board the "Anna Lecatur". Felt very sorry to  
 say adieu to Mrs Pickering, but invited Mrs  
 Simmes home with us to spend the day.  
 In the afternoon we arranged more, and in  
 the evening Mrs & Capt Russell, Capt Baker



and Foster coming in, we had an exciting game of euchre. But spent Sunday very quietly, receiving no company except Mr. Watson, who came in to hear some sacred music. But last evening we had an entertainment on a magnificent scale. Capt Odelfelt gave the party of the season. The main deck was all enclosed by awnings and flags, and it seemed just like fairyland. Everything was made serviceable too, the extra spars were covered in seats, the capstan decorated with flags, served for a center table. Flags festooned around about the mizzen mast, made a sort little recess for the piano, and the arrangement of everything was perfect. The rising of the curtain on the port side of deck, disclosed the table, made ready with everything tempting. A roast pig, natural to the life, with parsley still in his mouth, waited composedly to be dissected. Turkey, chicken salad, & dessert filled up the programme, and the empty stomachs of the guests. Toasts were offered, responses given, champagne corks flew, ladies arose and bowed till tired, and Capt Beausley & all drank water through the whole of it. Captain of the Port was there in full uniform. Small tail coat lined with white satin, gold lace and buttons all in shining order, and I received much attention from him. He speaks but little English, but dances well. Although his bows and graces rather disturbed my gravity. He accompanied me to supper and was my



polite indeed. The English Consul danced with  
 me much too long for my own pleasure, and  
 complimented me highly as a partner for the  
 polka. Capt Bickford got a little angry, and  
 I am quite sure he deprived me of the use  
 of several toes, by stepping on them so many  
 times, although Mr. Kightly punched him in  
 the back, when he approached too near in  
 the Cotillon. I had my last Schottisch about  
 four o'clock in the morning. We had cake &  
 coffee before leaving, when we reached home  
 it was just quarter of five. This party will  
 be something always pleasant to look back  
 upon. It seems like some happy dream.  
 Capt & Mrs Edelfelt are the most delightful  
 acquaintances that we have formed. They are  
 soon to leave us. It makes me so sad to form  
 friendships for so short a time, but in this  
 place it is nothing but meetings and partings.  
 Monday June 21<sup>st</sup>. Capt Sten called this  
 afternoon & kindly offered to take us ashore, so  
 we hopped into his boat and "off with us". We  
 met Capt Bearley and Mr. Kightly on the hill  
 and they invited us to go and call on Mrs  
 Calmety, where we had a nice time. Mrs C.  
 is really a talented woman, her album of  
 drawings & paintings is truly beautiful. Her  
 father is quite an artist, and the hour spent  
 in his studio was a very happy one. Mrs Calmety  
 gave me a Chinese rice painting, and the little  
 girl, a most little bouquet, from the only  
 garden that Chirich Islands can boast.  
 Thursday June 22<sup>nd</sup>. We went over to Mrs  
 Edelfelt's this morn to bid her good bye -



but as they did not get off so soon, we  
went on again with all the ladies in the  
afternoon, but it seemed just like going to a  
funeral. We were all so sad to have  
her leave us, but the wind died away, so  
they could not go to sea, and we were  
invited to spend the evening with Mrs  
Simmes, which only made three times that  
we went to North Island in one day.

Friday June 23<sup>rd</sup> Ceh dear. I have got all  
wrong in my dates, am a day ahead of  
time for it is only Thursday! We went  
on to the Chateaufort to the formal breakfast,  
to bid Mrs Campbell adieu, and from there  
to the "Ponshampton" which leaves today also.  
The ladies are all going away and dear me,  
uncle says we will be off too, in three weeks.  
Mattie & I are in tears at the thought. We  
went ashore again this afternoon with Mrs  
Burnell to call on Mrs Calmety. After which  
we called on Mr Reynolds to see his collection  
of moans. and they are very fine. They put  
ours in the shade decidedly. Mr Kirtley &  
Capt Beasley spent the evening with us. It  
seemed so pleasant, they are both so agreeable  
and such good company.

- Day after last date - Capt Beasley and  
Simmes called this morn. the former to  
bring us a hugh jar of vice butter, as he  
heard us say ours was chery, and brought  
us his photog. app. also. This afternoon Mattie  
and I decked ourselves in water coats, gold  
rings & top knots, and proceeded to the  
photograph gallery. We joined through the



diagnrable ideal of having our pictures taken, with commendable gravity. Made a tour of the Islands, and reached home in safety.

June 24<sup>th</sup>. The morning was spent in baking. I tried to make a nice loaf of cakes for Capt Beasley, and had the most heart breaking luck imaginable. The shape of the loaf proved awkward. The frosting was browned, & the steward threw away the last two eggs left for more. I had to take him another, neither frosted nor well shaped, but very good cake, however. We had a rough time getting over to the 'Minnehaha' but spent a gay evening. I was induced to appear in Character Land to give a few declamations. Capt Beasley fairly roared with laughter, and Capt Foster cringed to & fro like a banded reed. With singing, playing, eating cake, oranges & drinking water, (myself) & capital jokes, we enjoyed ourselves.

Sunday June 25<sup>th</sup>. We made a grand dinner today to which gentlemen only were invited - including Captains, Doctors, & persons commercially inclined. Chicken pie was *re plus ultra*, turkey ditto. Oh shadows of our peaceful Connecticut Sabbaths. Ye have ceased to reach us here, we know no more thy sweet and soothing influences. Mr Peck joined us in singing some church music, Capt B too, which seemed a little more like home. Mrs Simmes sent me the dearest little bunch of snow roses, and buds. They are so sweet, they will make me happy for days. Tuesday June 27<sup>th</sup>.



Our photographs have proved a failure - Mattie had two little black beads for eyes, and I had none at all - Mr Belome insisted upon it - that they were the best ones Mr Sm had taken. Mr objected and small coming in, we had a cone with a number of Captains, for spectators. We went out Mrs Burnells this P. M. and had a nice social time. In the evening Mrs Burnell gave me "Bucille" as a parting gift, and it is one I shall prize very much.

Wednesday June 28<sup>th</sup>. We had company ourselves this afternoon, about a dozen for tea, which came off about eight o'clock. Just to think of eating chicken pie, ham & eggs, lobster salad & such like at that time of night - Oh the fine dreams after such carousals - We had refreshments again at eleven o'clock. Capt Foster and I ate a "philosophy" & I caught him the first thing. He was quite annoyed at himself for being so stupid. Capt Barclay & I have one for tomorrow. After tea we had a dance, played "Stage coach" etc. & acted just like young girls & boys. Capt Barclay sent us a beautiful banquet today - We are to have a grand time, on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. Arrangements are being made for a lively day. Thursday June 29<sup>th</sup>. I spent the day with Mrs Cutler arranging matters. We expected Capt Boy in the evening to go dancing with us, but he disappointed us. So Cousin Mattie Sylvest & I went alone, over to the Antares, floated quietly around the ship, singing "Mrs



Burnells favorite songs, and received applause from that, and surrounding ships -

Friday June 30<sup>th</sup> This morning we took our farewell breakfast with the "Burnells". They were slated to have them leave us. They were delighted with the perennade - said the effect was heavenly. Capt Bearley came over this evening & we partly sang to practise songs for the fourth. After which we perennaded Capt Baker & Mrs Cutler. Oh dear! how we have laughed this evening. We could scarcely get through with Mrs Cutlers, "Mail it to the Mast Boys".

Sunday July 2<sup>nd</sup> We spent last evening with Capt Foster. indeed we went over to tea, and our troupe passed the evening in singing together, with "ching a ring a ring a rido" for every chorus. Very pleasant. enjoyed it very much. Capt Baker & Jenkins took us over to Middle Island this afternoon, & up to White rock. The view of the Islands & shipping is beautiful from there. The water and sky were such a beautiful blue too. After eating oranges on the rock, we went down to the beach and picked up shells & moss. Called on the natives on the Islands, went down paper - dicular steps to the water, and arrived aboard safely. Capt Simms & wife, Capt Bearley, York & Foster spent the evening with us. Capt B says he has decided to live with us altogether.

Monday July 3<sup>rd</sup> Capt Bearley called this morning to bring me a "philopona" of only can bottles of perfumery. five of them very large - the other two Lubins etc. In the afternoon we went up to South Island, on board of the Geo Rayner. to help set tables for the dinner.



The ship is arranged finely for a party - The upper  
 planked deck is enclosed by flags, card tables  
 are distributed around and Capt A has  
 kindly draped flags around the melodeon, so  
 I may be partly obscured while playing - I  
 received an invitation to read the Declaration  
 of Independence but declined - We called  
 on Mrs Pendleton before returning home. Capt  
 Foster took tea with us and in the evening we  
 all went over to Capt Beardsley's on an errand -  
 I found him at bed smoking a cigar, but he soon  
 made his way out, and after a song, we all  
 walked over to Capt Simms, serenading as we  
 went. Capt B & I are to exchange letters to  
 read off the Horn, so after I came home, I sat  
 up until half past eleven to write it. We have  
 not retired until midnight for a week now.

Thursday July 11<sup>th</sup> - Opened with a salute of two  
 guns from the "Herald of the Morning" causing great  
 excitement in the fleet, as the powder was not good,  
 and up to South Island the report was no louder  
 than a muffled six penny drum - I went up to  
 the Raynes bright and early with Capt Foster, but  
 found the standards were getting along nicely - &  
 after giggling with brother Beardsley awhile, accepted  
 Capt Peabody's invitation to go mooring. We went so  
 near the rocks in his little dingy, a returning  
 sea poured into the boat and saturated me  
 muchly. But we fished up a nice lot of moss  
 and it was all fun for me. At three o'clock  
 we started for the "Raynes". A Hamburg ship  
 lying near gave a salute at the arrival of every  
 boat, which was rather a curious thing to  
 unsuspecting persons, as several came near



losing their heads, to say nothing of their hats,  
 at the sudden shock given to their nerves.  
 At five o'clock we had dinner: fowls, turkeys  
 and chickens disappeared by the dozens, and  
 everything went off splendidly. After dinner  
 we had the toasts on deck, most of them  
 prepared by Mrs. Leutter. Some of them were  
 responded to by songs, where this humble  
 servant officiated. In the evening we had  
 dancing, (My last I suppose for many a  
 long day) entertainment down stairs and  
 a general good time. We all went home  
 when the clock was on the stroke of twelve.  
 We have a gentleman passenger going to  
 Callao. Mr. Wilson, he is a photographer  
 and we are to have our pictures taken.

Wednesday July 15<sup>th</sup>. This has been a sad  
 day for us. The sails were bent yesterday,  
 the anchor raised early this morning,  
 preparatory for leaving the Islands. We  
 had breakfast for our friends at eight  
 o'clock. All wished us a pleasant journey  
 and with many kind words, bid us  
 good bye, except Capt. Linn, brother  
 Beverly & Capt. Fortu. They stayed with  
 us until we were a long way off. The  
 latter - Capt. B. did not want any one  
 to see him when he parted from us.  
 He insists upon it that it is the last  
 of poor David. When we are gone, he  
 is to remain in his cabin inconsolable,  
 only going over to see "Chummy" once in a  
 while. The parting scene was really affecting.  
 I cried, vice and strong, while Fortu



eyes were brimming over, and Bearchly -  
 dashed the water away. His Landkuchie,  
 flying out of his pocket when no one saw  
 him, and Jimmie ditto. But they two  
 were obliged to go, and we were gloomy  
 enough all day. I felt as though I never  
 should have another friend. I tried  
 to pass some more, but felt a little  
 sick, and ended by going to bed.  
 Thursday 6<sup>th</sup>. We expected to be off  
 from Lorenzo this morning but the wind  
 dying out, we are still some distance  
 away. We prepared for photographs  
 this morning, and remained up on  
 deck in the good smart sunlight with  
 our bonnets on, for fear of sunbaking our  
 hair, all the morning. We were taken  
 in groups, on wheels and skylights till  
 I came near saying good bye to my  
 eyes altogether. Mr Wilson proved a  
 very agreeable man. He is very communicative  
 too. I think I could write the history  
 of his life, & wife already. He gave me  
 four photographs of Chinese ladies - Ah  
 dear, I cannot help thinking of the place  
 all the time, and wishing myself  
 back there. And here we are come to  
 be off on another long voyage. I do so  
 hope we can meet some of the friends  
 in Hamburg. There is no prospect  
 of our seeing Capt Bearchly again, &  
 I feel as dead to think of it.  
 Sat July 8<sup>th</sup>. We dropped anchor in  
 Callao bay again, at two o'clock the



morning. The pilot came on board to  
 get a lunch so I lay awake and  
 listened to a long conversation, partly  
 interesting, and partly not. At breakfast  
 we decided to go to Lima, so dressed  
 ourselves with quick dispatch, hoping  
 to catch the first train. The Autocrat  
 is still lying here, and we called on  
 Mrs Burndell on our way ashore. After  
 receiving a warm welcome from Sue  
 Grace & friends, we took a little march  
 about town, shopping some, & gazing  
 more, until almost six o'clock. The  
 Milam acted as chaperon (it next has  
 a new gown), and it seemed so  
 nice to be in cars once more, and  
 they are just like our cars at home too.  
 I could have declared I was off cold  
 Spring, altho' the scenery was quite  
 dissimilar from that of the Henderson river.  
 The fields are green and level and  
 the gardens very fine. But the natives  
 are so indolent that they do not cultivate  
 much of the ground. We passed by  
 groves of banana and orange trees,  
 most delicious and tempting to the eye.  
 We first went out to the Alameda, (after  
 arriving in Lima) a beautiful avenue row  
 with fine large trees on either side, rose  
 and beautiful flowers bordering the  
 walks, and climbing on the walls - and  
 twelve large statues represent the twelve  
 months of the year. N. B. I acknowledge  
 to have been quite confused in appropriating



names to them each, and was a moral  
 surprised to see January <sup>very</sup> blooming full  
 bloom roses. But Mr. Wilson kindly jogged  
 my memory, by expounding that the seasons  
 were reversed in this quarter of the globe -  
 and indeed winter is scarcely known  
 at all. We next visited the Cathedral & I  
 was happily disappointed in the dimensions  
 and workmanship of the building. I will  
 here say that we were walking into the  
 porch, all unconscious, when a man  
 came rushing after us, noisily inquiring  
 in Spanish "if we did not know enough  
 to take our hats off when we went into  
 church." We immediately did so, as  
 quickly as our elastics and hairpins  
 would allow. The interior of the house is  
 very beautiful, and filled with alcoves,  
 shrines & altars, dedicated to all the  
 numerous Saints, which are represented  
 by dolls dressed up in the most gaudy  
 style, with crowns and paper flowers on  
 their heads, thin gauze dresses, lace collars  
 and cuffs, and everything that can make  
 a display or glitter. And poor devotees are  
 continually kneeling before them crossing  
 themselves, and saying their prayers for  
 the hour. The priests are the most solemn  
 looking individuals imaginable. Their  
 faces are all withered and dried, &  
 one feels all the time as if they were  
 making for you, and ready to pronounce  
 an anathema on your heretical head.  
 They too wear white gowns trimmed with



broad lace edgings. We heard them chanting  
 prayers, and their voices wailed & moaned  
 through the church, and rings in my  
 ears yet. There are some very old paintings  
 in some of the rooms, more valuable for  
 their antiquity than good looks. We  
 passed by Pizarro's church, a dilapidated  
 little building, and were opened to visitors.  
 I believe we dined in the miserable street  
 where Pizarro was killed, and I may find  
 a Peruvian to ask the house where the  
 deed was done. He repeated the name  
 of Pizarro in a doubtful way, and then  
 continued to enquire, "if he was a countryman  
 of the Wilsons, lately arrived in Lima". I  
 laughed until my friends were ashamed  
 of me and we passed on. We next  
 visited the Hospital, and after gaining  
 admittance, Cousin Mattie was afraid to  
 venture, so I went all around with a  
 sister of charity. peeping into all the  
 wards, and admiring the neatness and  
 order which prevailed. The sisters were  
 just as sweet and kind as they could  
 be. Mr. Comward only in touch. Made  
 a tour of the garden, where she picked  
 a bouquet for me, through all the linen  
 and general furnishing rooms, and we  
 parted on the best of terms, and I don't know  
 when I have enjoyed anything better. We  
 stopped at Richardson's to see about our  
 photographs, and returned to Callao in  
 the five o'clock train. Spent the evening  
 at Capt Pendleton's with Capt & Mrs. Bunker.



Sunday July 9<sup>th</sup> I went to church once more this morning and heard Mr Murphy preach again - It seemed <sup>really</sup> quite Christianly to have that privilege - Mrs Bunnell and Pendleton went with me. Mr Grace came off to dinner, and when we did get here, which was rather late, we found our family had dined, and the steward had to take down a chicken and beef for us. It relished well when we got it. Monday July 10<sup>th</sup> Mr Trilem invited me to go to Lima again this morning, & I was ushered in to the Penitentiary as the principal place of interest. I felt stifled in breath, under lock and key amid so much dust. And after looking about as much as I cared for, was delighted to make my way out into the fresh air. We then walked to the Court, and after waiting half an hour in the reception room, at last gained admittance. There is an open Court in the center and the buildings range around it. The Court is filled with the most brilliant flowers, and looking down from the balcony is a beautiful picture. The sisters here are just as kind as can be. We could converse in French only, and although I doubtless made some mistakes, we got along nicely. There are a great many children in the Court and they seem perfectly happy & contented. The sisters are dressed in white merino gowns with the sweetest little white caps



on and filled borders. The children receive  
 a liberal education. learn music and  
 drawing & the languages. There is a  
 beautiful chapel connected with the  
 building, and the priest knelt and crossed  
 herself before the altar. I asked her  
 if I should "stay more chapel", but she  
 said "oh non non". We met Sylvest, cousin  
 Mattie, & Capt Baker just coming from  
 the care. so we went to the American  
 house and had a nice dinner. and  
 we were hungry enough to do justice  
 to it too. Our photographs were the most  
 miserable of all things, ah hum, how  
 unfortunate we are! I think we must  
 agree with Mr Cholmondeley, that we are  
 not good subjects. We received a  
 visit this evening from Capt & Mrs Mayo  
 Capt Pendleton & lady -  
 Tuesday July 11<sup>th</sup> Hurrah for a picnic  
 under the orange trees. To think of getting  
 out of bed at five o'clock in the morning  
 by candlelight. Nevertheless we did do  
 it and with our lunch basket, & held  
 one bucket just as we started for shore.  
 Taking Capt Baker by the way. When we  
 arrived there the horses were ready, &  
 the relic of antiquity in shape of a rock  
 in prime order. We were all to go horseback  
 primarily but the other ladies did not  
 like to venture. I never wanted to ride  
 so much in my life, but we started off  
 in the whilodig, with the eight gentlemen  
 for body guard. We drove away out in the



Country, stopped a woman on a donkey  
 loaded with cans of milk, and all drank  
 milk out of one little tin mug. The lanes  
 were so pleasant, the air so fragrant, and  
 the green fields so inviting, I was sorry to  
 arrive at the "cauch". It formerly belonged  
 to the Grace's father. The view from the  
 piazza was very fine. You could see all  
 the fleet in the harbor, and miles of the  
 surrounding country. The house is not  
 now in repair, but the rooms are large  
 and airy, and might be made very  
 pleasant. It is built of mud, and  
 yellow washed, like all the houses in  
 Callao. We picked ripe juicy oranges  
 from the trees, saw "cherimoes" growing, but  
 they were not ripe, and walked over  
 the farm while the natives were making  
 ready for our breakfast out under the  
 trees. I attempted to ride on "Immanuel's"  
 horse without a side saddle, and  
 no pommel, he let go of the bridle, the  
 horse backed and jumped, & all said  
 I could not have gone off prettier. My  
 next performance was to jump right  
 off into a little brook, and from that,  
 into a thicket, where I rented my jacket.  
 We all had a race on the wall, then to  
 the breakfast table, which was spread  
 on the ground by a clear running  
 stream, where water creases were turned  
 up fresh. What fun we had at the  
 table. Plates, knives, & forks were  
 scarce articles. so we had to take



Chicken wings in our fingers, and Capt  
 Mayo passed me ~~some~~ <sup>many</sup> ~~pieces~~  
 on a piece of white paper. He made  
 great sport for us. He ate sandwiches  
 until he could scarcely see, and Gage  
 & Baker made may with an entire  
 mince pie. The dogs and chickens  
 at last got so familiar that they  
 came up and helped themselves  
 right before our eyes. Uncle had the  
 gayest horse in the crowd, and  
 coming home, he was really antic.  
 We laughed and halloed to him  
 all the way. and Capt Baker was  
 so amused he could not guide  
 his own horse, so he got astray in  
 the bushes and came near having his  
 eyes taken out by the branches of the tree.  
 Uncle was a perfect personification of  
 John Gilpin - leaning way forward to keep  
 his balance. His hands and arms, &  
 the horse's head, raised high in air  
 and his limbs hugging the horse's  
 stomach, so he could stick on, when  
 the animal gave a four feet shy out  
 of the road. Thus went over the race,  
 course like the wind. We all decided  
 it was the best picnic we ever went to.  
 The ladies stopped on the beach a few  
 minutes to admire the surf and pick  
 up a few pebbles, "vide" a handful of  
 stones in my dress pocket. After  
 we came back to Bryce's and bunched  
 ourselves up a little, we remained



pressing invitation from Mr. Wilson to go  
 to Lima again. So we accepted, and  
 visited the Church of St. Francisco. The  
 handsomest one in the city. The decoration  
 of the altars and shrines were most  
 dazzling, and the saints pictures, exceeded  
 those of the Cathedral in richness. While  
 the walls and ceilings were covered with  
 paintings. We visited the museum &  
 "School of arts", which I believe includes  
 all that is worth seeing in Lima, except  
 the ladies, who I hear are quite renowned  
 for their beauty. They all paint & powder  
 quite visibly, make very fine photographs  
 but the most hideous old women,  
 imaginable. They wear their dresses  
 so long that they trail in the rear, at  
 least half a yard, and it is considered  
 very vulgar to lift the skirt. Just  
 imagine the result in a dirty street.  
 We were invited to dine at Mr. Lewis's,  
 so we just had time to come aboard  
 and change our dress. and go right  
 ashore again to be at dinner at six  
 o'clock. We spent the evening with them,  
 and called on Capt. Mayo Dwyer —  
 returning home about nine o'clock,  
 and thus ended this lesson.

Wednesday July 12th. We went ashore  
 this morning as it will be our  
 last opportunity. Mr. Grace presented  
 us with a dozen cans of strawberries,  
 peaches, etc. which exactly suited  
 our bill. We lunched with Mrs.



Lewis, and came off at four o'clock  
 to prepare for a start. At six we had  
 a turkey supper. Mr Grace, Purley &  
 Capt Baker were with us. Mr Hon-  
 to, & Mr Brown until we had finished  
 it, and then they said good bye  
 most affectionately, and with many  
 "bon voyages" left us. Capt Baker  
 expects to sail tomorrow.

Thursday July 13<sup>th</sup> At sea once more, we  
 are in company with many ships, but there  
 is no wind at all, and we cannot try our  
 mettle with them. I forgot to mention yesterday  
 that we disposed of our stammering steward,  
 and have a white one in his place, who I  
 fear is rather inclined to be a little familiar,  
 and as uncle says, will have an early  
 checking. We have promoted Mr Williams  
 to first-mate, and shipped a Mr Pray as  
 second-mate. Lat 12:30 Lon 77:40, and forty  
 miles from port.

Friday July 14<sup>th</sup> A clear beautiful day.  
 We sail along very quietly, and with no  
 motion at all. I have idled away the day  
 in reading & writing. Uncle & I sat on deck  
 a long time this evening watching Jimmy &  
 Jock play "hide & seek", and uncle's remarks  
 amused me highly. There were two of the  
 fleet in sight at dark, the larger is still  
 ahead.

Sat July 15<sup>th</sup> No idling this day I can assure  
 you. Work has been going on lively yet. The  
 steward is cleaning pantry and storeroom.  
 The men are taking up the cabin carpets.



and the ladies are on deck hanging out their clothes, but summons a blackbird to make depredations on the nasal organ. In the evening the steward served for fancy dishes. In dessert this noon, on banana, orange, and brandy pudding, served with a custard sauce, making what uncle called a "Chilamian jagaf". Ship "Indian Queen" is still astern. Bark "Mattamoran" on weather bow. Lat 14:25 Lon 78:15

Sunday July 16<sup>th</sup>. Misty and stormy, but we have had a nice strong breeze all night, and passed the Bark before daylight. Now we are all alone on the waters once more; one would think that sea life would be disagreeably monotonous, and yet one day seems as unlike another, as it does at home, and every passage is dissimilar. It must be all in our own feelings too, and in the different anticipations that we have of each port we are nearing, for sea, sky, & ship duties vary very little in every voyage. Our little "kit" had his hair shingled today, and he looks twice as smart as ever. Lat 15:40 Lon 79:45. Distance run, 130 miles.

Monday July 17<sup>th</sup>. All this day light-breezes and fine weather; twilight is charming; had a lesson of calisthenics all alone by myself on deck, after tea. Sailors looked frightened, thought I was surely demented. It seems good to be walking deck again. I can think so steadily then - I live over "Brookside", and "Riverside" days.



and when I come to myself again, feel as if I had really been conversing with my friends. Lat 17:37 Lon 81:15. Ill 125 miles.

Wednesday July 18<sup>th</sup> Our "Wolly" is sick and we have done nothing but nurse and tend him today, with the exception that I studied navigation a short time this morning. I think I shall be very much interested in it, if I have patience to continue. Lat 19:16. Lon 82:57 Distance 135 miles.

Wed July 19<sup>th</sup> I have been doing examples in "dead reckoning" and liked it so well, could not stop to "settle my hair" until almost night, and as we felt a little blue, we had a vice ring together, which brightened us up wonderfully. Lat 21:30 Lon 84:20 Distance 153 miles.

Thursday July 20<sup>th</sup> Ma cousine Mathie elle ne porte bien, et comme j'ai pas tres plaisir on jure lui j'ai pense a mon monsieur tous le matin, ou est il et pens-t-il a moi? ayez la patience, ne sif moique vous en chez nous.

Lat 23:35 Lon 85:40 Distance 135

Friday July 22<sup>nd</sup> Sent it nice, that clear skies and pleasant weather has such an effect on ones spirits. I felt the change in the atmosphere when I awoke, and while my head was still on the pillow, sang "I'd choose to be a baby" several times and then took a brick wall on sleek before breakfast, although I labored under some "Prossers dead on page" "Cliffers down at heel".



But as a natural consequence of so much  
friskiness before breakfast, I had strong  
inclinations to cry, before going to bed.  
Lat 25: 20 Lon 86: 35 Distance 60 miles

Sunday July 23<sup>rd</sup> There is a very heavy  
swell on today, and it rains and shines by  
turns. Cousin Mattie has a severe headache.  
A variety of light-dress, and cloths wet in cold  
water are in brisk demand. Jorie is as  
restless as a kitten, has not been still two  
minutes all day. Has a passion for lifting  
up all the bottles she finds and spilling the  
contents on the floor. Little Kit behaves in a  
gentlemanly manner. I sat down in the  
sun for an hour and read "Traditions of  
Palatine" & was very much interested. Wind  
changed suddenly this afternoon to Southeast  
and blew "fustly" stiff. Ship is heaved up  
aback. We are sailing within six points of the  
wind. Lat 26: 10 Lon 86: 45 Distance 40 miles.

Monday July 24<sup>th</sup> Uncle aroused us  
bright and early by saying there was  
a ship near, and we looked ahead  
in five minutes. Rushed on deck &  
found it was the Bark Matteman, with  
Mrs Matteman standing by the rail,  
looking just as she used to at Chichester  
Gardens, and all venture she had on the same  
purple silk dress and blue belt, and if  
asked to dance would hop up just as high.  
We exchanged several questions, uncle, I know,  
injured his windpipe. I gave my handkerchief  
to the Mrs, she did not return it, felt foolish,  
and we parted again. Lat 27: 25 Lon 85: 55  
distance 90 miles -



Tuesday July 25<sup>th</sup> We've had a very strong breeze today, and it came near being a gale at eight o'clock this eve; the harder the wind blew the higher our spirits rose. We laughed at the children when they were pitched down, and we laughed at the steward when he fell sea-sick. We sat down in the pilot house at last, and told all the stories we could make up. We are shipping some heavy seas, and the water rushes over the decks pretty freely. The bark has kept up with us nicely today - It was only when we had a nine knot breeze, that we could out-sail her. Lat 28:50 Lon 85:35

Wednesday July 26<sup>th</sup> The wind has died away again, the barricading is off the windows, and we are out of prison. Mattie produced two oranges as we unlooked for that, and we opened the strawberries today. And I must say, we are a little disappointed in them. The moonlight is lovely this evening & I want some one to appreciate it with me. Oh Julie! what a nice long talk we would have, if you could only be transported to the "Herald's" deck for an hour or two.

Thursday, Friday, & Saturday the 29<sup>th</sup> Gale, gale, gale, cabin dark as ink, pilot house door is shut, (sea came in here yesterday & drenched me, face & all) but we are permitted to have the lee ward window open and we stand by that. The fun times most of the time so it does not seem quite as dismal as it might. I have been reading the Lamp-lighter



most all day Lat 46:45 Lon 84:20. Elis 170.

Tuesday Aug 1<sup>st</sup> While people at home are complaining of dust and heat, and fanning themselves in shady places - We are gasping around the stove in the mess room wrapped in blankets and mappers - while a strong norwester is whizzing us along to Cape Horn. We are all in good spirits, for the wind is the right kind of fair - right on the quarter, and if the "Herald" has a weakness for a particular wind, it is just that one. It will soon be time to read Capt Bearse's letter. I can scarcely keep from seeing it now - I have been engaged in dressing a doll for Jane for some days past. It seems like reviving my days for doll playing. I am quite sure Julia and I could enjoy ourselves at it even now. Lat 47:34 Lon 81:50 Elis 225

Wednesday Aug 2<sup>nd</sup> Bright pleasant day, the air was very invigorating this afternoon, although rather stinging cold. We passed an American barque bound to the northward. Uncle said she was a little beauty - We raised our numbers, but she did not respond. Uncle said again that he did not suppose she had her signal halyards ready - I wish needs would keep them ever off, if only to satisfy the curiosity of the ladies. I wanted to know her name badly - This does not seem much like Cape Horn or a fifty days gale. I hope the barque



will report us, so "Ma" can get out her  
 "Always Lovers" and know our where-a-fore.  
 Lat 57:00 - Lon 80:35. Dis 200 miles.

Thursday Aug 3<sup>rd</sup> It was dark as a  
 pocket at half past three, in the cabin  
 I spent the afternoon in Jaries bath. Had  
 both feet asleep, and cramps in both  
 limbs most of the time. I had a  
 walk after tea. Had to dodge sprays &  
 try <sup>my</sup> hard to keep balance when she rolled  
 heavy. Lat 53:30 Lon 78:35. Dis 162.

Friday Aug 4<sup>th</sup> I have been regular  
 good - old fashioned lazy today. Not  
 indolent, but the real lazy. I intended  
 it - was too dark to read, & read until  
 I couldn't see a bit. Then walked with  
 Mr Hallett and caught in a storm  
 without any "umbrell". Came down &  
 snut up again and snut with the same  
 success. Gave it up and snut to bed  
 at eight. Bells Lat 56:30 Lon 74:50. Dis  
 185 miles.

Sat Aug 5<sup>th</sup> Oh! oh! oh! So pleasant, & while  
 we were at dinner Mr Hallett rushed  
 down with "Land ho! Sir: Two points on  
 Starboard bow", which seems to be the "Eliezo  
 Romirez" Island - about seventy miles  
 off Cape Horn, and I will here note that  
 we have three skysails set. Saw a barge  
 this morning bound east - Wonder if it is  
 the "Mattaponi". Lat 56:25 Lon 69:22 Dis 210.

Sunday Aug 6<sup>th</sup> Uncle called me at  
 seven bells this morning to get up and  
 see Cape Horn, and sure enough, we



seemed right - swear it, and I had a real  
 good sight of the Reamano town. It looked  
 desolate enough too, with the deep snow on  
 it. Uncle and I, dismounted a horse &  
 sleigh awaiting for me to land and take  
 possession, "beam dails" style, uncle said.  
 It is a charming day, stinging cold, but  
 just enough wind to carry the kysails. I  
 have been on deck nearly all the afternoon &  
 was so happy at the thought of going around  
 the "Horn" so pleasantly. And wish such  
 bright sunshine, when we have looked  
 forward to nothing but gales, that I  
 jumped & skipped around like a  
 kitten, and the evening was indecribable  
 and the stars twinkled so fast in the  
 keen frosty air. The full moon shone  
 gloriously, only hiding itself once in a  
 while behind a creamy cloud, just  
 to show us how beautiful it could make  
 the edges by encircling it with a miniature  
 rainbow. By seven o'clock Staten Land was  
 visible, at least we could see a high snow  
 bank sparkling in the moonlight. Ah! I  
 must mention that I read Capt Bearley's  
 letter off the "Horn" & was much edified &  
 thoughts took much the same directions  
 in our letters Sat 55:50 Mon 66:10

Friday Aug 11<sup>th</sup>. There has not been variety enough  
 in the acts of the past four days, to furnish im-  
 pactly materials for my log. We have had a  
 gale, the water has been flying, and seas rolling  
 over the ship fore & aft. Coming down into the  
 cataracts through the narrows, the night has



been of interminable length. But it is all passed now. We stand and sit at our ease, and our elbows are recovering from oft repeated knocks during the storms. Lat 45:40 Long 47:40 Dis 100.

Aug 14<sup>th</sup> A southerly wind, and a fine blue sky "proteching a rose day coming" E. W. - Pleasant weather continues. The air is still chilly, as we make more easting than northing. We are going it all alone & see no sails. Lat 42:00 Long 36:25 Dis 216 - and made no fuss about it either.

Tuesday Aug 15<sup>th</sup> Mr. Larsson's candy has full sway. Uncle & I made it yesterday afternoon. Oswald is busy frying doughnuts and brings them in hot, for us to waste, and expatiate, as usual. I am busy making pillow cases. Mattie is making a dress. Jessie is saying the multiplication table, and does not talk at eight times nine even. All fast & tranquil. Lat 41:35 Lon 34. Dis 115 miles.

Thursday Aug 17<sup>th</sup> Yesterday was a lost day. The wind, which has been northeast for the past five days, has at last ended in a gale. I fell down & bumped my head and it made me feel bad all the day. Today is about the same, only we get accustomed to it and don't mind it. Lat 41:50 Long 29:25 Cl. 73 - miles.

Friday Aug 18<sup>th</sup> I set up a little telegraph this day. Between this ship, and unknown parts, and wrote a long lengthy dispatch, of three pages. Uncle & I sealed it up, and with many wishes, that it might



he picked up, committed it to the stars. It went along nicely, and held its head up well. Well days and will put me on my way back until we get to the Mexican Islands. He is quite sure we will hear from some of them. Lat 41:15 Long 29:10 40 miles.

Sat Aug 19<sup>th</sup> A real rainy day. We made a sail astern this morning, and by one o'clock, she was very near us. She was an English ship from Australia, with lots of passengers, but quite light, and in fine sailing trim. I had commenced enough in making out her signals. We could not see the distinguishing pennant at first, & got the most heartrending names for her, but we hit it at last, that she was the Essex of London. She asked by telegraph if we had any news. I spied young Gents gazing at us through opera glasses, and was very sorry my "hairs" were not artistically arranged. Although my general appearance was striking, and when seen in a smart chromo would have been intriguing, well was quite angry with her for not coming nearer to us. Said she might have come right alongside, so that we could have commenced back o' her by firing biscuits. The fun ended, in my falling down, flat on the deck, and Mr. Waller coming to the rescue. Before tea we made some splendid comedy, putting in goodly quantities of cream. We are allowed some twice a week, but we prevailed on good nature to let us



make come today, it being so near next  
mch. Lat 39:30 Long 28:40 Dis 105 miles.

Sunday Aug 20<sup>th</sup> A nice day again,  
the wind is directly aft, and common  
strong enough. It makes eyes to water, and  
nose to sting. Lat 36:35 Long 27:15 Dis 185 miles

Monday Aug 21<sup>st</sup> Well I declare! it is  
pleasant day, and a gale the next,  
every step of the way from the Cape. The  
wind blows furiously, and we are under  
sailing sail. Forty days out and just half  
passage, so say I. We as usual got in  
a laughing time this evening, Cousin Mattie  
telling me best stories, until we shipped a  
very heavy sea, and the water coming  
down almost on our heads "scat" its  
away for a season. Oh dear! I wish we  
could have quiet nights. These rollings  
are intolerable. Lat 34:20 Long 27:20 Dis 145.

Tuesday Aug 22<sup>nd</sup> The wind changed  
suddenly at half past eleven last night,  
struck the ship flat aback, but she  
headed to the sea, & filled away, so  
did no damage, and this morning we  
have a splendid fair wind, and to sit  
in the "bits" and to be lifted high in air  
as she passes so rapidly over high seas,  
then down into the depths, it is a splendid  
recreation. Lat 32:20 Long 27:20 Dis 120 -

Wednesday Aug 23<sup>rd</sup> The soft wind and  
summer air, come back to us once more,  
and right welcome they are. We can  
anticipate there is some more of the same,  
now. I think it is the nicest thing



in the world, to be a sailor. It is a perfect luxury to live, when it is mild pleasant weather at sea. Lat 28:40 Long 25:50 Course N by E, three quarters E. 240 miles. Can you read that landmen? -

Friday Aug 25<sup>th</sup>. Such a nice smacking breeze as we have, and it has every appearance of the Southeast Trades, but don't say it out loud. We whisker it softly among ourselves for fear the capricious wind will hear us, and wheel about suddenly, leaving us in the doldrums. Mr Maury, by the way, tells that word doldrums, but I think he knows no more about it than I do. Battle telegraph was put in running order, and I sent off my second dispatch this afternoon - Addressed, {by request} to Washington Observatory. Think of that and keep, ye humble minded Lat 23:20 Long 25:25 -  
 Elia 180 -

Sunday Aug 27<sup>th</sup> The "trades" continue strong and we are making a fine run along here. Hope to be to the Equator in six days more. It was eleven months yesterday since I left my darling mother. How I long to see her. I suppose she is counting the days until our return, which we think will be in four months more. How quickly it will pass. Lat 16:50 Long 26:15

Tuesday Aug 29<sup>th</sup> This afternoon there was a brig in sight to the leeward, and at dusk I made a sail to the windward, and highly elated, went down to inform uncle that she was three points abaft beam, but had



got out of sight. — where upon he coolly informed me that he really thought I had discovered Cape "Fly away". The brig came up and crossed our bows, about eight o'clock, bound to Africa I suppose. Uncle and I sat on the bits and tested out two bells. Lat 10:25 Long 26:45 Cl. 175 —

Tuesday Aug 30<sup>th</sup> Warm. (Masho, the sun feels some equatorial. We are making a splendid run and no mistake. No crews. This evening I was quite startled by the moon on the lookout halloing, "Sail, right on starboard bow sir". The moonlight was so bright we didn't see her until she was close on us. They seemed to be dreadfully frightened, thought we were going to run them down, and lighted torches which they waved merrily. I thought the ship was on fire, sure; and had the boats lowered, and she soon recoiled, in about one second and a half. It seems just like seeing ghosts, to hear ships waving around in the evening and vanishing so suddenly. Lat 7:30 Long 27:35 Alt 175 miles

Friday Sept 1<sup>st</sup> I must send off another telegram today, as we expect to be to the Equator this evening. Fifty one days out, have averaged 193 miles a day, while according to "Mamm", out of 2000 ships, the average run has been 148 miles through the S. E. Trades. — We caught our first fish yesterday, a haircut. — but we didn't catch him, for he impolitely swung bit off the line, and made off.



with the hook. Uncle has mined all the lines now, so we had to have salt fish for breakfast. Lat 1:00 S, Long 28:00 - Saturday Sept 2<sup>nd</sup>. We passed the equator, for the fourth and last time (for me, probably) last night at midnight, and now, we are nearly becalmed. I lost my bat the very first thing, this morning. For Uncle caught a dolphin, I mean a bonita, right after breakfast, and came down stairs chuckling. But I was repaid by a fine chowder for dinner. I have been employed this afternoon in copying accounts for Uncle.

It is my private opinion that the good man is too indolent to do it himself. Lat 0:55 N, Long 28:40 W. Dis 120 miles.

Sunday Sept 3<sup>rd</sup> Such a beautiful beautiful day, and I have spent most of the day in idly dreaming. Sitting and looking off on the blue water has a dreamy tendency. *Qui est le sujet de mes rêveries, 'Qui est'.* Lat 21:45 Long 29:00 Dis 112.

Monday Sept 4<sup>th</sup> Light breezes, and fine weather interspersed with showers. We are nearing the  doldrums . Lat 4:30 L 29:15 - Dis 105 miles.

Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> The same, Lat 6:30. L 29:05 Dis 121 miles. I worked the Latitude & Longitude today, the latter, both by lunar altitudes, and a fine observation.

Wednesday 6<sup>th</sup> Fine, & rainy alternately. The ship is undergoing a thorough cleaning. Lat 8:30 Lon 28:50 Dis 121 miles.



Thursday Sept 7<sup>th</sup>. Oh what-doldrums! it is naught-but-"lee for brace"!! Main brace come of you!! Square crotchet yard! snow fire substitutes - Old one hoisted - ashorter yells to the top of his voice. All the others ahs!! ahum!! in response, until we are quite room out. I have been attending to my duties as clerk of accounts most of the day. Mattie and self were quietly sewing in the pilot house, when a violent rain squall suddenly arose, and we could not get down. The awning sheltered us at first, but soon let the water thru in torrents, and uncle had to envelope us head & all, in his oil cloth coat. It was just what I've always been wishing, that Mattie would get caught up here, and it did me so much good. Two or three "backs" in sight. Lat 9:20 Long 28:15 Elev 70.

Friday Sept 8<sup>th</sup>. He spoke the bark Elisabeth Romeberg. This afternoon she came so near that we carried on a lengthy conversation in comparatively subdued tones. He expressed surprise that our pumpkins tasted so well, & wanted to know if we had touched any wher. Told us that we had a fine ship, to which uncle answered, "pretty fair". Talked about weather and longitudes, and we drifted off again. How pleasant it did seem, and the day itself is so nice, and we are having such a cozy time sewing, under the awning. Lat 10:00 - Long 28:15 - Elev 45 -

Saturday Sept 9<sup>th</sup>. Light winds hold on well, and we are all, in a liquid state. What else can I say? It is a fine day.



d'parles around on the rim a dire. Lat 10:4 L 28:1 -  
 Elis 42 miles.

Sunday Sept 10<sup>th</sup>. We caught a good sized  
 shark today. Had some difficulty in getting  
 him in: got a running towline around him,  
 and hauled him in. and after mutilating  
 him badly, and saving the hook, we gave  
 him back to his native element, supposing  
 him dead. When he comes away minus  
 fins, fins, or any part of his organs, from fellow.  
 The Elisabeth is astern and we have come  
 up with another bark. Lat 11:35 Lon 28:30 -  
 Elis 48 miles.

Monday Sept 11<sup>th</sup>. A. M. The sky is very cloudy  
 and has every appearance of a drought,  
 consequently uncle is having the ship  
 painted outside. Just see how quickly  
 it will rain! 4 P. M. The clouds are emptying  
 themselves freely, and the paint undergoing  
 a thorough washing. Uncle says it has never  
 failed to rain in one single instance when  
 he paints. Dear old man. He keeps his temper  
 nicely. Lat 12:07 Lon 28:25 Elis 40 miles

Tuesday Sept 12. The English ship is again  
 in sight, we have done nicely to keep up  
 with her, our copper is foul, we do not sail  
 at all. Uncle sees a fine garden down there  
 of grass, lemons & limes. We do not get  
 the trades yet. The wind keeps to the southward,  
 and this afternoon we had a nice little breeze  
 with plenty of rain. Latitude & Longitude marked  
 by our ladyship. Lat 13:45 Lon 28:40. Elis 100 m's.  
 Wed Sept 13<sup>th</sup>. Wind south yet, sun hot,  
 head aching, hands aching & fire-picking.



muddle sticky. Lat 15:30 Lon 28:55 Dis 100 mi.  
 Thursday Sept 14<sup>th</sup> La ha; the first thing I  
 heard this morning was a splashing and  
 rippling of water, and knew without feeling  
 out of the box eye { wonderful girl } that the  
 "Trades" were with us at last. This is fine.  
 Parting going on peacefully. I have left  
 the impression of one of my hands, on a  
 don - I know that. It is growing cooler. is  
 just right now. Lat 17:10 Lon 30:00.

Sunday Sept 17<sup>th</sup>. The "Trades" have died  
 out. Short, more at day? - I took an observation  
 today, but the sun was so blazing, I thought  
 to be sure. I had pinned my eyes, motion  
 and I have squinted until tired. She  
 has looked exactly like Aunt Abby all  
 day. When she said "You're Horace Johnson's  
 boy ain't you? I can't be so mistaken!"

A beautiful evening - Lat 24:25 Lon 32:30  
 Monday Sept 18<sup>th</sup>. We had a rat frolic  
 today. { the steward's gums have been more  
 observable than ever, and his clothes longer.  
 Uncle got him fastened in a drawer  
 and put what I thought was a running  
 bowline around his tail. errata, it was  
 a close hitch, and he was then walked  
 out for the inspection of his chipmates.  
 He was fair, fat, & forty. looked as if  
 he had lived in clover. Lat 25:12 Lon 33:20  
 Dis 65 miles.

Tuesday Sept 19<sup>th</sup>. The "Trades" have  
 sprung up again and we are going  
 along nicely. We spoke the Captain  
 Johnson that we have been in company



with the last few days this morning. Her name was the Alona a Danish vessel. She looked so small to be wandering around here, and she did not appear to be well. They steered by a tiller and were nearly three days out of their way in their Longitude. Lat 27:25 Lon 34:30 This 145 miles.

Wed Sept 20<sup>th</sup>. We made a bargain this morning ahead, and came up with her about two o'clock. Her name was Leon. of London. The Capt seemed very agreeable. & was certainly more polite than any we have fell in with before. We exchanged Longitude and Greenwich time for one hour minutes 35 seconds (lost by him) He waved, and shook his head at us, until his little cap, with a button on the top, came near falling into the sea. In parting, he wished us a pleasant voyage, dipped his servant three times to us, and waved his handkerchief to say nothing of taking a parting glance through the spy glass. It is such a "putty" sight, to see a vessel under sail so near, and her sails set well. She was a "putty" thing too, and no mistake. We caught a dolphin today and had him for dinner. Lat 30:15 Lon 34:35 This 175 miles. Thursday Sept 21<sup>st</sup>. I wonder if I shall ever forget these happy days at sea. I feel sometimes that when I am in false teeth, perade and cobs, I shall recall these hours, as some of the happiest in my life. I have to part



another observation today, wonder how it will correspond with uncles. Yesterday I forgot to crop my horizon, - ought to have employed the "old woman" that crops the cobwebs from the sky."

Friday Sept 22<sup>nd</sup> We have a strong breeze E. N. E., I believe, and we are on the northern edge of the horse latitudes without having experienced any calm therein. Lat 35:15 Long 35:20 Dist 155 miles.

Saturday Sept 23<sup>rd</sup> Fine clear weather and plenty of gulf weed floating by - Lat 37:30 Long 35:50 Dist 140 miles

Sunday Sept 24<sup>th</sup> We have now sailed over five thousand miles, under three skysails and clear skies; and still this Sabbath is almost as lovely as the last. Uncles and my longitude differed only three miles today. I am delighted. Lat 39:35 Long 34:15 Dist 150

Monday Sept 25<sup>th</sup> A ship in sight this morn, we think from the states, fear we cannot fetch her. Many clouds are hovering around, think we may have some strong winds. Lat 41:50 Long 30:50 Dist 200

Tuesday Sept 26<sup>th</sup> Six ships in sight this morning. We signaled with the English ship "Sharpshooters". Most of them were under either main topgallant sails, or topsails - while our lady main staysail set. It breezes "jolly" hard - A year today since we left Essex - We have had many new and happy experiences, and time has passed awfully swift. The ship is



possible that we can be home again in  
three weeks or so. Lat 43:15 Long 26:40 -  
also 200 miles

Wed Sept 27<sup>th</sup>. A heavy gale this day  
Annie braked up his running, and  
excited us on deck, to see a ship  
close by us, under bare poles. She  
looked as if she must roll over with  
every sea. It did look so odd to see  
every sail closed, while we were under  
topsails. We thought that Capt Craigy,  
and I dare say he thought no more.  
In the afternoon we passed a barge  
in a similar condition, having only  
a jib, staysail, and main spruce set.  
This is the Northeast Equinoctial line  
steam. She one Aunt Abby always  
keeps an eye to. Lat 44:00 Long 23:00 & 150 -  
Thursday Sept 28<sup>th</sup>. A decrease of wind  
much rain, and sea running down. The  
wind came around fair a short time  
this afternoon, and then went back to  
northeast. So we are heading for  
the "bay of Biacay Oh". Moonlight and  
starlight this evening. Lat 44:05 Long 21:35 -  
also 60

Sat Sept 30<sup>th</sup>. The winds are all  
beaten and the waters at rest. We  
will soon get to Camro at this jog.  
My longitude was right today, and  
within thirty miles out of the way -  
wasn't I delighted. I found his  
mistake, and he says I am consider-  
myself a perfect navigator, he supposes



Lat 44:25 Long 19:30 this 30 miles  
 Oct 1<sup>st</sup> 1865 - Sunday We always  
 expect bright Sundays at sea, and  
 today we are not disappointed. But  
 where are the winds. Here we are  
 eight hundred miles from port, and  
 our last barrel of flour is open. Blow  
 gentle breeze blow!! or we must starve  
 on salt beef and hard tack. There  
 the breeze!! Many clouds & rain seeds  
 are fast making up - hurrah for  
 a squall - Lat 45:05 Long 19:30 this 95.  
 Monday Oct 2<sup>nd</sup> We settled down  
 oh dear, when the wind left us this  
 noon, and just gave ourselves up  
 to melancholy. Uncle went to sleep  
 immediately, insisting, that this is  
 his last voyage in a dull ship-  
 query: how can a ship sail without  
 wind. We finally chirped up, and  
 had a game of bag on deck. after  
 which, we ceased looking at the  
 calm rippleless water, when up  
 popped a whale, close alongside,  
 making a noise like a steam  
 sawmill. He came up a number  
 of times, and quite satisfied our  
 curiosity in that direction. He was  
 half as long as the ship. This can  
 be relied on, as I obtained my  
 information from a reliable quaker.  
 I proposed attacking him with a small  
 harpoon or a butt fin, and going  
 deep into the oil business - Just



was very anxious to show me a dead pig  
to him, when I saw we know we had  
not set eyes on one since last 4<sup>th</sup>, &  
would be a greater civility than a whale.  
Lat 46:40 Long 14:50 Elis 160 -

Thursday Oct 3<sup>rd</sup> I will now allow  
that we can learn something new  
every day. I have always thought till  
this blessed day, that a whale was  
the Leviathan of the ocean. Uncle has  
just informed me that squids are  
much larger. Doubtless his civility -  
called Mr Williams. He has seen  
small squids, and heard of others  
large as a ship, and whales feed  
on them. Rather uncomfortable for  
squids. Jane says she is sure that  
she read in her book the other day,  
that codfish & whales were the largest  
fishes in the world. Lat 49:45 Long 11:40  
Elis 125.

Wednesday Oct 4<sup>th</sup> We are now to the mouth  
of the English Channel, with a fair prospect of  
beating match all the way up. The wind  
is dead ahead. Many vessels in sight  
and two steamers. We signalled with one,  
and got his longitude. Found that we are  
thirty miles to the eastward of the position  
where our chronometer puts us - good for us.  
The vague "Isis" time was not as near  
right as ours after all. The packet ship  
Yorktown bound for New York, crossed  
our stern just after tea. There were many  
passengers on board, and all were



their Landduchies to us. I think the "Herald" must have made a fine appearance, for when she came near, we luffed up into the wind, and there was such a heavy sea on, we gave such a plunge that the water foamed high above our bows -  
 Lat 49:40 Long 7:40 Dis 210 miles.

Thursday Oct 5<sup>th</sup> A pilot hailed us this morning, and wanted to take us up Channel. He came on board, and as we did not require his services, he insisted on taking us to the Island of "Scilly" to wait orders. Says the wind has been blowing East for the past three weeks, & thinks there is no sign of a change. But I am happy to say, we are to keep on up to Cornwall, while "going about" this afternoon the lee main royal brace was not slackened, and the yard was broken right in two pieces. Sent the fore one up for the main - & Carpenter is making a new one -

Friday Oct 6<sup>th</sup> A strong talk this morning of going in to Falmouth. Why does the wind blow from the East so long, why can't it change? -

Sat Oct 7<sup>th</sup> We were obliged to stand in to Falmouth this morn. The wind blows so strong we cannot make fifteen miles a day. A pilot came off to us and here we are in harbor - a pretty rough one too. Does not look much like being venturing ashore. but we can gaze on the green fields of old England, and



the town itself appears quite extensive and attractive. The harbor is protected by two or three stone castles, which look quite formidable, with the cannon mounted on the terraces (not the right word) in front. The beacon here is pretty. It is a tower as white as snow standing on a hillside, and contrasts so well with the dark green of the foliage and fields in the rear.

Sunday Oct 7<sup>th</sup> Going over the ship's side by rope ladders, and a rough sea, did not prevent our going ashore this morning. We went to the "Globe Hotel", ordered dinner to be ready at three o'clock. I should say the Albion came. Then took a coach and pair and had a drive of many miles through the country. The roads are bordered with hedges, the beautiful green fields are divided by hedges. How much prettier, than our stiff stone walls, and ugly rail fences. The country though undulating is as smooth as a morning lot. Not a stone to be seen, and the lanes abounding in blackberries; they were so luscious and tempting we could not resist them. Stopped the carriage, and ate as many as we liked. We passed through hamlets, where the stone cottages (for the houses in the country are never built of wood) were thatched with straw, and the "duns" still bore the name of "Red Lion" and "Bassett Arms". We did good justice to a fine dinner on our return, and



and spent the night at the hotel.

Monday morning we spent in trafficking, reading our letters from home, and chatting with hosts & hostesses. At one o'clock we went to the Globe Hotel to dine with Mrs Jenkins by urgent invitation. Here we were "treated to handsome treatment." Mrs J is a very dressy personage, and only weighing about ~~eighty~~ <sup>eighty</sup> tons, offered fine advantages for display. After dining, horses were ordered and we were taken for a drive. I was a little surprised to see Mrs J appear in white lace shawl and bonnet to watch. When in the carriage, she completely extinguished poor little Mattie. We called on friends of hers, enjoyed their fine gardens trees & shrubbery. One old lady seemed so much like dear Grandma, insisted upon our having a nice cup of tea before leaving, so it should seem social. The English are the most persistent tea drinkers that ever I saw; tea is offered one after & before every meal, whenever & wherever one calls, and in the evening and morning as well. It was difficult to convince the good people that I never drank it. We passed the evening in singing and playing, and did not get home till nine o'clock, when our letters had to be finished up for the mail. Tuesday Oct 10<sup>th</sup> We were all ready to proceed up channel this morning. Mr & Mrs the Consul and two brothers breakfasted with us, and brought us a



lovely bouquet and basket of fruit. They are  
 very anxious for us to visit their homestead  
 and estate. As the anchors were foul  
 and the wind contrary, we were informed  
 us that we could go ashore again. Joyfully  
 we hastened to make ready. Kind Mrs  
 Jenkins greeted us most cordially, and  
 we dined at the hotel. Mr Fox made  
 an appointment to drive out to "Glendingen"  
 the old family mansion. He escorted us  
 through the grounds of his uncle's town house,  
 which has been in the family over a hundred  
 years. How can I describe anything, that  
 is indescribable? The lawn, trees, the  
 garden and hot houses too, where you can  
 see every variety of plants and flowers from  
 the four quarters of the earth. Pineapples  
 were almost ripe, oranges & lemons, ditto.  
 Coffee & cotton thimble. He showed us a  
 sensitive plant, gently pinched the end  
 of a leaf with a pin, and one leaf folded  
 over another like clock work. The next thing  
 removed in the next leaf, the leaf folded  
 back into the plant, and the stem drooped  
 as if dead. When his carriage drove up for us,  
 imagine the effect. The servant dressed in  
 a scarlet jacket with gold lace trimmings,  
 white tight pants coming just down to the  
 top of his boots, a high brass, white gloves,  
 and riding one of the horses. "Matie" thought  
 it was "Tom Thumb" in character. We called  
 for Mrs Fox, the prettiest little woman  
 that ever was, and proceeded to  
 Glendingen, the most romantic spot



that can be imagined. Includes glens &  
 rivers, and from a rustic summer house  
 a view of a dear little lake, while in the  
 orchard, trees are groaning under the weight  
 of pears & apples, with small fruit in abundance.  
 Aren't these pleasant days? I wish they  
 would not pass so quickly. As it was  
 raining, we could not accept Mrs. Fox's  
 invitation to tea, and returned to the hotel,  
 where I enjoyed a bread & milk supper,  
 while tea was sent into the parlor immediately  
 after. Wednesday Morn - Good bye to  
 Falmouth. The steamer is just towing us  
 out of the harbor, and we have a strong  
 fair wind. We will soon be in Hallowbury.  
 Ma writes me that Addie has lost  
 her little daughter. Poor dear sister Addie,  
 how she will mourn for her first born.  
 {Cetur} We are going through knots, have  
 passed over one hundred sail.

Thursday Oct 12<sup>th</sup>. We passed the Isle  
 of Wight last night, and Finchy Head. This  
 morning we had a nice view of Corbi  
 Castle, and are now in the Strait of  
 Dover. We went by the ship Alexandria  
 too, from Calcutta, which sailed forty  
 five days ahead of us.

Sat Oct 14<sup>th</sup>. We arrived at the river  
 "Elbi" bright and early, and took a river  
 pilot. Passed "Cooks Ham" at ten o'clock,  
 and are now voyaging towards some  
 unpronounceable place to discharge a  
 part of our cargo, before proceeding up  
 to the city. The land is very low



along the rim. Windmills seem to proliferate.  
 There are some two and three houses.  
 We seem blessed with pilots. I declare  
 we have another one. An old man of  
 fifty five winters, and I should think  
 he was my poor old Grandpa. He  
 paces around the cabin, popping his  
 head into all the staterooms, repeating  
 "this is my very nice cabin, just like  
 as my house at home". He brought his  
 own bread from home tied up in a  
 handkerchief. In a private examination  
 we found carriage seeds on the top.  
 He took a little "lol-lop" this afternoon,  
 with a night cap drawn over his head.  
 The "Thatcher Magazine" has arrived. The  
 boat up channel while we were lying  
 at Falmouth. This evening we anchored  
 off Glenhead.

End of "Volume First"















